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INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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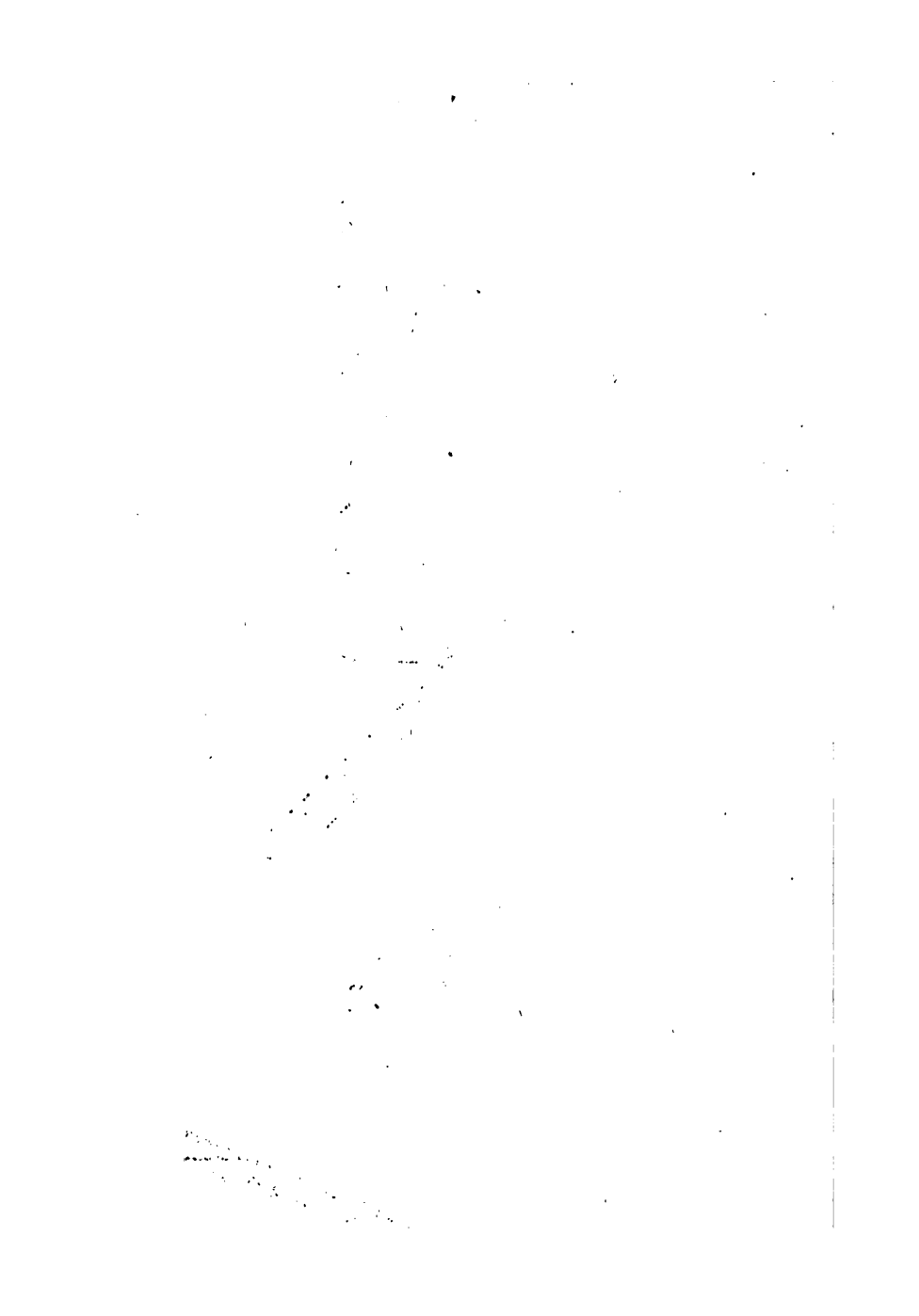

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# MILTON'S

# PARADISE LOST

(BOOKS I. AND II.),

## COMUS, LYCIDAS, IL PENSEROSO,

## AND L'ALLEGRO.

*WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY,*

JAMES C. DAVIS,

FORMERLY LECTURER ON ENGLISH AT THE TRAINING COLLEGE, CHESTER.

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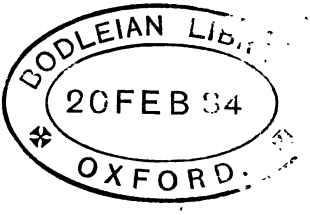
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# INTRODUCTION.

JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, London, on the 9th of December 1608. The surname was derived from the town of Milton, in Oxfordshire, where the family at one time had flourished. The father of the poet, by profession a scrivener, was a man of high character and attainments, and eminently skilled in music: the well-known church tunes of Norwich and York were his compositions.

Milton received his early education at St. Paul's school. Of this period he himself says: 'So eager was I at my studies, that from my twelfth year I rarely left them till midnight.'* In fact, this application weakened both his eyesight and his health. His well-known version of the 136th Psalm was written during his last school year.

In February 1625 he proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he spent seven years. At the age of twenty-one he wrote the *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, a production which showed that he was already 'smit with the love of sacred song,' as well as gifted with imagination of the highest order. Having taken the degree of M.A., he quitted the University, and at the same time resigned all idea of entering the Church, for which his parents had destined him. The five following years were spent at his father's house, Horton, Buckinghamshire. There, in tranquil leisure, he nourished his mind with the learning of the ancients, and cultivated the mathematics and music, studies he then delighted in. During this period he produced his inimitable *Comus*, as well as the *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*.

In the spring of 1638 he set out for a foreign tour. At Paris he was entertained by the celebrated Grotius, then ambassador from the Court of Sweden; and on reaching

* *Defensio Secunda*, vol. ii.

Florence, the centre of Italian art, he was welcomed by the Tuscan *literati* to their academies, and honoured with not a few written encomiums. Among others, he visited the illustrious Galileo, 'then poor and old, and a prisoner of the Inquisition for thinking otherwise in astronomy than the Franciscans and Dominicans thought.'* After some time spent in Rome, Naples, and Venice, he returned to England in August 1639, and shortly after fixed his residence in London, undertaking the education of his two nephews and other pupils. But the disputes which led to the civil war were now setting the nation in a ferment; and before long Milton joined the struggle by writing his treatise *Of Reformation touching Church Discipline*, which was followed by other powerful pamphlets in defence of the Puritan clergy, and against Prelacy.

In his thirty-fifth year he married the daughter of Mr. Powell, a justice of the peace in Oxfordshire, and an inflexible royalist. As a result either of the latter circumstance or of a disparity of character, his wife, before very long, deserted him, and to this circumstance is to be ascribed the writing of his famous *Treatises on Divorce*. A reconciliation, however, was afterwards brought about. In 1644 appeared Milton's noblest prose work, the *Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicens'd Printing*, which for style has been described as 'a perfect field of cloth of gold, stiff with gorgeous embroidery.' Upon the excitement which followed the execution of Charles I., Milton issued his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, arguing that 'it is lawful, and hath been held so through all ages, for any who have the power to call to account a tyrant or wicked king.' Shortly after this service to the republican party he was appointed Latin or foreign secretary to Cromwell, an office for which he was admirably fitted, being acknowledged the first Latinist in England.

During the year 1650 he was engaged in his great controversy with Salmasius, a Professor at Leyden, reputed the most learned man in Europe. The latter had been employed to write a vindication of Charles I., and the Council of State requested Milton to make the reply. This he did in his *Defence of the People of England*, a masterpiece of political reasoning and eloquence. In it the author concentrated all his fierce controversial powers on his opponent, whom he perfectly 'massacred' in the eyes of all Europe. For this he received the congratulations of all the foreign ministers

* *Areopagitica.*

then in London. These and many other labours, unweariedly pursued for the public good, injured his already weak eyesight, which, at the age of forty-seven, totally failed him,—a calamity commemorated in his *Sonnet on his Blindness*.

The restoration of Charles II. forced him for a time into seclusion, but he was soon after comprehended in the Act of Indemnity. For several years he had been occupied, as more public duties would permit, on what had been the cherished project of his life, the composing of a great poem; and now, withdrawn from active life into 'a calm and pleasing solitariness,' he set himself to its full accomplishment. *Paradise Lost* was commenced probably as early as 1658, and published in 1667. Four years later appeared *Paradise Regained*, its beautiful but inferior sequel; and about the same time, *Samson Agonistes*, a drama on the model of the ancient Greek tragedy. Thus did his genius and fortitude triumph over outward adversity, and although now

> 'Fall'n on evil days and evil tongues,
> In darkness and with dangers compass'd round,'

he still 'bated no jot of heart or hope,' but 'fed himself with cheerful and confident thoughts' to the end.

He died, much weakened by the gout, on the 10th of November 1674, at his house near Bunhillfields, and was buried with much honour in the chancel of St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate.

Milton, when young, was remarkably handsome, with an open, fresh countenance, and light brown hair worn down over his shoulders. 'His deportment,' says a biographer,* 'was affable, his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness.' A stern love of virtue, a passionate attachment to liberty, and profound piety, marked the character of 'this sublime and austere genius.'

Of Milton's imagination and learning, the *Paradise Lost* is the colossal monument. Its merits were recognised from the first by a discerning few, but were first unfolded adequately by Addison in the *Spectator*. Its chief excellence lies in a *sustained sublimity of thought*. This partly arises from the nature of the theme, and partly from the character of the author's genius. The *subject* is the finest that could be chosen. It undertakes to 'justify the ways of God;' to trace the fate of man; to describe the councils of hell and the splendours of heaven. And such themes were congenial to Milton's imagination, which delighted to portray what was vast and unearthly. His peculiar power is exhibited,

* Aubrey.

for example, in his pictures of the fallen angels. These are essentially human in idea, but this conception of them is distended and exaggerated until it reaches the dimensions of the sublime. And when, owing to the strange mixture of material and spiritual ideas which marks the story, the outlines are vague or even inconsistent, the imagination is only the more strongly appealed to, by an addition of the mysterious to the picturesque.

The poem is remarkable also for the number and variety of its *illustrative ideas.* Every page abounds with metaphors drawn from nature or the arts, and allusions to history or mythology, which keep the intellect and fancy perpetually on the alert. In *Paradise Lost,* it has been said not inaptly, we read a book of universal knowledge. This is a result of the author's vast and varied *learning.* Milton was deeply read in all literature, and familiar with all kinds of knowledge. He had accumulated in a life of study the intellectual spoils of all past ages, and from this treasury he is ever furnishing forth 'things new and old,' but all transmuted by his own genius into beautiful and unexpected shapes.

The character of Milton's *similes* constitutes a special beauty. They are always bold, and often astonishing. A comparison, simple at first, is frequently, by a train of associated ideas, prolonged and expanded till it fills, as it were, the mind of the reader.

Much of his superior majesty of thought and expression Milton borrows from the *Bible.* His muse affects theocracy. He is pre-eminently the Christian poet, and his theology is more than tinged with Puritanism. Thus is imparted to his epic a solemnity as of a sacred poem.

The *language,* though not simple, is perspicuous. By a free introduction of classicisms, both verbal and idiomatic, Milton has enriched his poetic diction and made it sonorous. His numbers, too, have the prime charm of expressiveness. 'Their music,' says Cowper, 'is like that of a fine organ—has the fullest and deepest tones of majesty with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute!' In short, for epic grandeur and poetic harmony combined, the *Paradise Lost* must be regarded as 'the first in design, and the second in performance, among the productions of the human mind,' and it has given its author a place by the side of Homer, Virgil, and Dante.

# MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.

## PARADISE LOST.

### BOOK I.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

THIS First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed. Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre, for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed, but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: Here Satan, with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; they rise; their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for, that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

OF man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos; or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhime.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell; say first, what cause
Moved our grand parents in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind; what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,

Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltering by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub: to whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in heaven call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:
If thou beest he; but oh, how fallen! how changed
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! If he, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen, so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew

The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate the strength of gods,
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.
So spake the apostate angel though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair;
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer:
O prince, O chief of many-throned powers,
That led the embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd heaven's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,

As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remain
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqueror, whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours,
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment?
Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied:
Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heaven; the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep;
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,

Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows leave in the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,

That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom, all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unbless'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood,
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
  Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost archangel, this the seat
That we must change for heaven, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovran, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail, horrors; hail,
Infernal world; and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?
  So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub

Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed,
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth.
He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High overarch'd imbower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrewn
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!
They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great commander; god-like shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones,
Though of their names in heavenly records now

Be no memorial, blotted out and razed
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance, for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth,
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?
The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell,
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob, and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence

And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleälé, to the asphaltic pool:
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth, those male,
These feminine: for spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aëry purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,

While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eyes survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:
Dagon his name; sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also 'gainst the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms,
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox;
Jehovah, who, in one night, when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest

Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury, and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue, held
Gods, yet confess'd later than heaven and earth,
Their boasted parents. Titan, heaven's first-born
With his enormous brood and birthright seized
By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reigned: these first in Crete
And Ida known; thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views; their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories; for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force, as named with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,

Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs: darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.
O myriads of immortal spirits, O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of gods, how such

As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,
If counsels different or danger shunn'd
By me have lost our hopes: but he, who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in heaven, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;
For who can think submission? war, then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved.
He spake: and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell: highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,

A numerous brigade hasten'd; as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame
And strength and art are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross.
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the soundboard breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence

Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately highth, and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where sceptred angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos the Ægean isle; thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Meanwhile the winged heralds by command
Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall,

Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or career with lance,
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs; so thick the aëry crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! they, but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demigods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began

# BOOK II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd:
  Powers and dominions, deities of heaven,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right and the fix'd laws of heaven
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more

Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.
He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake:
My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of his Almighty engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage

Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sank thus low? the ascent is easy then;
The event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus
We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being.
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side uprose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seem'd
For dignity composed and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue

Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:
I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the towers of heaven are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more: sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end

Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war: We are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?—Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires
Awaked should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapp'd in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven,
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,

If we were wise, against so great a Foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far removed
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd: whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or inured not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.
  Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:
  Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? suppose he should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task

In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? this desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,

Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care:
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:
Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless, while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,

Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place,
If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not, another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset, either with hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,—
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.—Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part próposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring

So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? but their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:
Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms,
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter heaven: or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aëry flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonish'd; none among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found

So hardy, as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:
O progeny of heaven, empyreal thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way,
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial sovranty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers,
Terror of heaven, though fallen, intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me. Thus saying, rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now,

Certain to be refused, what erst they fear'd;
And so refused might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Toward him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own; for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if, which might induce us to accord,
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.
The Stygian council thus dissolv'd, and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers;
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone the antagonist of heaven, nor less
Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme
And god-like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery seraphim enclosed
With bright emblazonry and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry

With trumpets' regal sound the great result:
Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By herald's voice explain'd: the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wandering each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part, on the plain or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games, or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aëry knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: hell scarce holds the wild uproar
As when Alcides from Œchalia crown'd
With conquest felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that fate
Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony,
What could it less when spirits immortal sing?
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet,
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail; which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice;
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies haled,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.

They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink:
But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.
Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,

Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In secret riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired;
Admired, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing not valued he, nor shunn'd:
And with disdainful look thus first began:
  Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assured without leave ask'd of thee.
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.
  To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms

Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the grizzly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
O father, what intends thy hand, she cried,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan returned:

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

. . . . . .

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth:
Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befallen us, unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemy, but to set free,
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host
Of spirits that, in our just pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created, vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of heaven, and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
Lest heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and bless'd his maw

Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of heaven, and heavenly born,
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gavest me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods, who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through,
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,

Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds.
Into this wild abyss, the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd awhile,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous, to compare
Great things with small, than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to raze
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a clouded chair ascending, rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him

As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a griffin through the wilderness
With winged course o'er hill or moory dale
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal hubbub wild,
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted, to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,
Bordering on light: when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Hades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroil'd,
And Discord, with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: Ye powers
And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with heaven; or, if some other place,
From your dominion won, the ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,

All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway,
Which is my present journey, and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answer'd: I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head 'gainst heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and heaven-gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately heaven and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side heaven from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.
He ceased; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse, and, through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he;
But he once pass'd, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf

Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less, and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendant world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accursed, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

# COMUS, A MASK.

## PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE.

### THE PERSONS.

Attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.
COMUS, with his crew.
The LADY, . . . . The Lady ALICE EGERTON.
First BROTHER, . . . The Lord BRACKLEY.
Second BROTHER, . . Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, *his brother.*
SABRINA, the Nymph.

Comus was presented as a mask at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales, whose two sons and daughter took the parts of the Brothers and the Lady. Masks were elaborate entertainments, combining the beauties of music, poetry, dancing, and scenery. Their essence was pomp and splendour, and they were often 'composed by princes, and by princes performed.' Lacking many features of the mask, *Comus* retains in an exquisite degree its lyrical spirit, displayed alike in the musical eloquence of the speeches and the 'dorique delicacy' of the songs. Some of the incidents were borrowed from Peele's *Old Wives' Tale* (1595), Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* (1633), and a Latin poem, *Comus* (1608). The subject is 'simply the Eulogy of Virtue.'

*The first scene discovers a wild wood. The attendant* SPIRIT *descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pester'd in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity;

To such my errand is; and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun,
A noble peer, of mickle trust and power,
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms;
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
I was despatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
This nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named:
Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,

Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And, in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste
(For most do taste, through fond intemperate thirst),
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any, favour'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: but first I must put off
These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who, with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

COMUS *enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

*Comus.* The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam

Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile, welcome joy, and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrupulous head,
Strict age, and sour severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry choir,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain-brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto! to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air;
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou ridest with Hecate, and befriend
Us, thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

*The Measure.*

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course;
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

*The* LADY *enters.*

*Lady.* This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet, oh! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out

With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket-side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest

I'll venture; for my new-enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
Within thy aëry shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
Oh, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

*Enter* COMUS.

*Comus.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song

Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.
*Lady.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
*Comus.* What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?
*Lady.* Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.
*Comus.* Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
*Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf.
*Comus.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
*Lady.* To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.
*Comus.* And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?
*Lady.* They were but twain, and purposed quick return.
*Comus.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
*Lady.* How easy my misfortune is to hit!
*Comus.* Imports their loss, beside the present need?
*Lady.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.
*Comus.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
*Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
*Comus.* Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And, as I passed, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.
*Lady.* Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
*Comus.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
*Lady.* To find that out, good shepherd, I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.
*Comus.* I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray attendants be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
*Lady.* Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest-offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls,
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* TWO BROTHERS.

*First Br.* Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle, from the wicker-hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian cynosure.
*Second Br.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock

Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But, oh, that hapless virgin, our lost sister,
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
What, if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?
*First Br.* Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
*Second Br.* 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,

His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.
*First Br.* I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure, without all doubt or controversy;
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.
*Second Br.* What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?
*First Br.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own;
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity;
Yea, there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,

In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal; but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it loved,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

*Second Br.* How charming is divine philosophy!

Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
*First Br.* List, list, I hear
Some far-off halloo break the silent air.
*Second Br.* Methought so too; what should it be?
*First Br.* For certain,
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.
*Second Br.* Heaven keep my sister. Again, again, and near;
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
*First Br.* I'll halloo;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and heaven be for us.

*Enter the* ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *habited like a shepherd.*

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.
*Spirit.* What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.
*Second Br.* O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.
*First Br.* Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale.
How camest thou here, good swain? Hath any ram
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?
*Spirit.* O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
*First Br.* To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
*Spirit.* Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.
*First Br.* What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly show.

*Spirit.* I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly muse,
Storied of old, in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face: this I have learn'd
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom-glade, whence, night by night,
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill; but, ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceased, and listen'd them awhile,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;
At last, a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence

Was took ere she was 'ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death; but oh, ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And, O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew), had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey,
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

*Second Br.* O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot,
Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

*First Br.* Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven

May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Cursed as his life.

*Spirit.* Alas! good venturous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

*First Br.* Why, prithee, shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

*Spirit.* Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray;
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:
And yet more medicinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovereign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,

Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go), you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish'd blade, rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;
But seize his wand; though he and his cursed crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.
*First Br.* Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

*The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties.* COMUS *appears with his rabble, and the* LADY *set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

*Comus.* Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.
*Lady.* Fool, do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.
*Comus.* Why are you vex'd, lady? Why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far: see, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,

And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you received on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tired all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.
*Lady.* 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.
*Comus.* O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence!
Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons; and, that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch't th' all-worshipp'd ore and precious gems,
To store her children with: if all the world
Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,

The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised,
Not half his riches known, and yet despised;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
And live like nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility;
The earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name, virginity.
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.

*Lady.* I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,

That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But, with besotted base ingratitude,
Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
Fain would I something say; yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced;
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

*Comus.* She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set oft by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon-laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood:

But this will cure all straight, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

*The* BROTHERS *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The* ATTENDANT SPIRIT *comes in.*

*Spirit.* What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that ere piped on plains.
There is a gentle nymph, not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers, strow'd with asphodel,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,

And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.
Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethy's grave majestic pace,
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Syrens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

SABRINA *rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,

Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet,
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.
*Spirit.* Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distress'd,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unbless'd enchanter vile.
*Sabr.* Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity:
Brightest lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble-venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms, moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste, ere morning hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA *descends, and the* LADY *rises out of her seat.*

*Spirit.* Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand pretty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,

And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains, that there abide,
With jigs, and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the* ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *with the Two* BROTHERS, *and the* LADY.

SONG.

*Spirit.* Back, shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sunshine holiday;
Here be, without duck or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise,
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns, and on the leas.

*This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.*

Noble lord, and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,

And sent them here through hard essay,
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

*The dances ended, the* SPIRIT *epiloguises.*

*Spirit.* To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky;
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there, with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can show;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,

Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free,
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

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## LYCIDAS.

IN this Monody the author laments, in pastoral metaphor, the fate of his fellow-student, Mr. Edward King, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, who was drowned, August 10, 1637, on his passage from Chester to Ireland.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ah me! I fondly dream,
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis, in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
Ah! who hath reft, quoth he, my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
  Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me! whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and, with new-spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

# IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred,
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee, bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,

Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Some time let gorgeous Tragedy,
In sceptred pall, come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,

Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from that day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embower'd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell

Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

---

## L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two Sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying;
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blythe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,

Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste the bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tow'red cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head,
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

# NOTES.

1–25. *Of man's*, etc. Milton begins, after the manner of Homer in the Iliad and Odyssey, by setting forth the event which is to be the 'action' of the Epic, and invoking the Muse.

2. *Mortal taste—death.* Apparent tautology; but *mortal* has here rather the force of the Latin *lethalis*, as in the phrase 'mortal sin.'

7. *Oreb, or of Sinai*—called to this day Jebel Mûsa, Arabic for Mount of Moses. 'The Mount of God,' Ex. xviii. 5; 'The Lord called Moses to the *top of the mount*, and Moses went up,' Ex. xix. 20.

10. *Chaos*—the formless void of Gen. i. The word literally signifies, like *chasm*, a yawning gulf, from Greek χάσκω, to gape.

*Sion, Siloa.* Sion was one of the hills of Jerusalem, the 'City of David,' the 'sweet singer of Israel.' The pool of Siloam (John viii. 7) lay between the city walls and the brook Kedron; probably the '*well Rogel*' of 2 Sam. xvii. 17, and elsewhere. Isaiah, viii. 6, speaks of 'the *waters of Shiloah* that go softly.'

6–16. The Muse is invoked who inspired 'those frequent songs throughout the *Law and Prophets*, which are over all the kinds of lyric poesy incomparable.'—MILTON *on Church Government.*

14. *No middle flight.* Comp. Gray on Milton (*Progress of Poesy*)—

> 'He that rode sublime
> Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
> The secrets of the abyss to spy.'

15. *Aonian Mount*—Helicon in Aonia or Bœotia, in Greece, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

16. *Rhime—i.e.* poetry, which, says Milton in his Preface, 'consists in apt numbers and fit quantity of syllables, not in the jingling sound of like endings.' The measure of *Paradise Lost* is the heroic verse of five feet, with a *pause* in each line, occurring variously.

17. *O Spirit.* Milton had in his *Church Government*, written twenty years before, promised a work, 'not to be done but by devout prayer, to *that Eternal Spirit* who sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of those He pleases.'

24. *Highth.* The modern *height* is an anomalous form. The affix *th*, *t*, or *d*, signifies (1) state or action, as *ruth* (*Lycidas*, 163); (2) that which is, as *gift*. In this sense Milton has *stealth* for the thing stolen, *Comus*, 503.

29. *Grand parents. Grand* for *great*, as in *grand*father. So, *grand* foes (line 122), *grand* peers (line 505.) 'So clomb this first *grand* thief into God's fold' (iv. 192).

36. *What time*—at what time; an old use of *what* as a demonstrative. '*What time* I am afraid I will trust in thee,' Ps. lvi. 3. Comp. *Lycidas*, 28—'*What time* the gray-fly winds her sultry horn.'

48. *Adamantine chains. See* Jude, verse 6. Adamant (Greek, ἀ privative, δαμάω, to tame) is from the same root as *diamond*, a form of the French *diamant*.

56. *Baleful eyes—i.e. malicious* eyes; Anglo-Saxon *bealo*, ruin. 'Cruel his eye' (line 604). *See Comus*, 255.

57. *Witnessed*—not *saw*, but *bespoke, bore witness to;* as in *Macbeth*, IV. iii.—

> 'Which was to my belief *witnessed* the rather,
> For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.'

59. *Ken*—view; from same root as con, can, know, cunning. Anglo-Saxon *cunnan*, to know. Comp. Keats—

> 'Some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his *ken*.'

60. *Waste—waste* and *vast*, two forms of the same word, partake of one another's meaning. Shakespeare speaks 'of the dead *waste* and middle of the night' (*Hamlet*); and Milton has '*vast* excess' (wasteful), *Comus*, 771.

74. *Centre——pole—i.e.* from the lowest depth of the earth to the farthest point in the heavens,—the ancient cosmography, which Milton adopts, making the earth the centre of the universe. Comp. *Comus*, 382—'sit i' the *centre*.'

78. *Weltering by his side.* To *welter* is to toss or roll about. So the body of Lycidas (line 15) '*welters* to the parching wind.'

81. *Beelzebub*—Syriac for god of flies, worshipped at Ekron, but among the later Jews regarded as 'the prince of devils' (Matt. xii. 24). 'Both Beelzebub and Belial are word-caricatures for Baal, the sun' (Mr. Conway's 'Lectures on Religions').

82. *Satan*—Hebrew for *the Enemy*. First mentioned in Job i. coming among 'the sons of God.'

84. *Beest*—not a subjunctive, but the Anglo-Saxon indicative *byst*, from *beon*, to be. With *be-on*, comp. Latin *fi-o* and *fui*, Greek *bi-os* (being or life), Sanscrit *bhu*, to be.

97. *The mind*—here, and often by the poets, used for *the will* rather than the *mens* or intellect. So Gray—

> 'Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
> Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
> The unconquerable *Mind*, and Freedom's holy flame.'

117. *This empyreal substance*, etc. The *empyrean* (ἐμ, in, πῦρ, fire) was the highest heaven which overarched the universe, and consisted of the pure element of *fire*. The passage means—the pure element of which we consist can never be annihilated.

118. *Event—i.e.* the *e-ventum*, final issue or *outcome*, not the *occurrence*. So used in lines 134, 624, and ii. 80.

128. *Throned powers*. The angelic hierarchy consisted of nine ranks, viz. Seraphim, Cherubim, Dominations, Virtues, *Powers*, Principalities, Archangels, and Angels. St. Paul alludes to these in Rom. viii. 38, Eph. i. 21.

129. *Embattled*—formed into a *battle* in its obsolete sense of *army*. Comp. Shakespeare, *King John*, IV.—

> 'Many thousand warlike French,
> That were *embatteled* and ranked in Kent.'

149. *Thralls*—bondmen, slaves. Hence, *thraldom*, bondage.

157. *Cherub*—mystical being first appearing in Assyrian mythology, and compounded of a man, an ox, an eagle, and a lion. Cherubs guarded Eden, overshadowed the mercy-seat, and appeared in Ezekiel's vision of heaven. Here = superior angel, as in line 535, 'Azazel, a *cherub* tall.'

167. *If I fail not*—the Latin *nisi fallor*, unless I mistake.

176. *His—i.e. its.* The use of *its* as the genitive of it (Anglo-Saxon *hit*) dates only from the Elizabethan age, is used occasionally only in the Bible and by Shakespeare, and more rarely by Milton, *e.g.* line 254. *See* Gen. i. 12—'Herb yielding seed after *his* kind.'

180. *Forlorn*—the Anglo-Saxon past-participle *for-lor-en*, lost or cast away. The *for* = the German *ver* in *verloren*, and the final *n* = *en*, the regular ending of the Anglo-Saxon past-participle, as in bind, bound-*en*. Milton applies the word to places—*see L'Allegro*, 3.

182. *Save*—not the imperative of *to save*, but, like the French *sauf*, from Latin *salvus*, as in the phrase 'salvo jure,' saving the right.

186. *Afflicted powers. Afflicted*, in its literal sense, beaten, routed—Latin *fligo*, to whip. *Powers*, in Shakesperian use for *hosts* or *armies*—'Our routed hosts.'

187. *Offend*—not *affront*, but injure. Latin *of-fendere*, to attack.

192. *Thus Satan.* Supply 'said;' a classical ellipsis.

198. *Titanian or Earth-born*—an allusion to the Greek myth which tells of the twelve giants, offspring of Heaven and Earth, making war on the gods.

199. *Briareos or Typhon.* Briareos, 'with all his hundred hands' (Dryden), was a monster who warred on the gods. Typhon was 'a monster huge, ending in snaky twine' (*Ode to Nativity*), living near Tarsus in Spain.

201. *Leviathan*—whale or sea-monster. In Job xli., the crocodile. The word is Hebrew for something *twisted or coiled*:—

> 'He hath challenged
> Formerly the grand whale, and by his titles
> Of *Leviathan*, Behemoth, and so forth.'—*Old Play.*

209. *So stretched out*, etc. Note the expressive *length* of the syllables of this line. Milton's fiends 'have characters like their forms, with a dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated into gigantic dimensions, and veiled in mysterious gloom.'

226. *Aloft*—literally, on the air. Icelandic *loft*, the sky or air. The Anglo-Saxon prefix *a*, *an* = in or on; as, a-bed, a-shore. 'We drove *afield*' (*Lycidas*).

232. *Pelorus*—the north-east cape of Sicily, in which island is Etna.

235. *Sublimed with fury—i.e. lifted up* or exploded by its own combustibility (Latin *sub*, and *levo*, to lift); a chemical idea found in *The Alchemist*—

> 'With *sublimed* mercury, that shall *burst i' th' heat*,
> And all fly out *in fumo*.'

239. *Stygian flood.* The Styx being the *abhorred* river of the other world, the adjective Stygian is here applied to the fiery lake as *abhorred*. Cicero denounces Catiline's plot as 'this *Stygian* counsel.'

246. *Sovran—sovrano* is the Italian form of French *souverain*, both from Latin *super*, over. So Soldan, Italian *Soldano* for Sultan

254. *The mind is its own place.* Comp. iv. 75—
'Which way I fly is hell—myself am hell!'

266. *Lie astonished*—in the more forcible sense of the Latin *attonitus*, thunderstruck. So, *astounded* (line 280) = stunned.
*Oblivious pool.* The idea is that of Virgil's *Lethæum flumen*, or River Lethe, the river of forgetfulness. *See* ii. 583. Comp. ii. 73—
'The sleepy drench of that forgetful lake.'

268. *This unhappy mansion.* Comp. 'this ill mansion' (ii. 461). Mansion is always in Milton a *region* of abode. Latin *manere*, to abide. Comp. *Comus*, 2.

273. *But*—except; a preposition from Anglo-Saxon *be utan*, be out. Comp. Shakespeare, *King John*, III.—'*But* (except) on this day let seamen fear no wreck.'

276. *Edge of battle—point* of battle (Latin *acies*). Comp. vi. 108—
'On the rough *edge of battle* ere it joined.'

285. *Ethereal temper.* Ether was the medium above the atmosphere; hence = *heavenly mixture* (Latin *tempero*, to mix). Comp. ii. 813—'Those bright arms, though *tempered heavenly*.'

288. *Tuscan artist.* Galileo of Florence, whom Milton visited in his travels, A.D. 1610, had made startling discoveries respecting the moon by his newly invented telescope, then called 'Galileo's glass.'

289. *Fesole, Valdarno*—Fesolé is a hill near Florence, and Val d'Arno is the vale of the Arno.

294. *Ammiral*—admiral's ship. French *amiral*, connected with Arabic *amir* or *ameer*, a chief.

299. *Nathless*—and yet, none the less. Chaucer has *nathe more*. Its exact force appears in a line of Edwin Arnold's *Hero and Leander*—
'Her face of alabaster all ashine,
*Nathless* her cheek was touched with tender dye.'

303. *Vallombrosa*—a leafy valley (literally, shady—Latin *umbra*) near Florence; a reminiscence of Milton's travels. Comp. Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 400—'As numerous as withered leaves fall in the woods with the first cold of autumn.'

307. *Busiris*, etc. Busiris was one of the Pharaohs. Memphis was the ancient capital of Egypt. *See* Ex. xiv.

317. *Seize*—not lay hold of, but *hold possession of*,—a feudal idea, as in *seizin*, occupation.

320. *Virtue*—not goodness, but *strength*—Latin *virtus*.

325. *Anon—an*, in, *on*, one (instant). *See* note on *aloft*, line 226.

334. *Bestir. Be*, by its intensive power, often confers an active or at least a reflective power on the verb.

337. *Obeyed to.* So French *obeir a*, Latin *ob audio*. The use of *to* is old English, and common in Spenser and Chaucer. *See* also Acts vii. 39—'To whom our fathers would not obey.'

341. *Warping*—working up. Comp. mould-*warp*, a mole.

353. *Her barbarous sons.* The half-civilised tribes of northern Europe poured southward into the Roman Empire in the fifth century.

360. *Erst*—superlative of Anglo-Saxon *ær*, early, which is identical with *ere*, before. An adverb signifying *formerly*—*see* ii. 470.

373. *Devils to adore*—an ancient opinion. 'The first rank of bad spirits are those fallen gods of the Gentiles *adored in separate idols*, whose prince is Beelzebub.'—BURTON, *Anat.* (A.D. 1650.) On the

other hand, it has been shown that 'all the great devils of antiquity were originally gods' (MR. CONWAY'S *Roy. Inst. Lectures*).

375. *Various idols*—varying forms or embodiments, rather than *images*. Comp. *Paradise Regained*, iv. 233—'How refute their *idolisms*, traditions, paradoxes.' An *idyll* is literally a little image.

376. *Their names then known*. Not governed by *say*. Their then names (those held afterwards) [being] known (to the Muse).

385. *Abide*—in its old sense *to endure; e.g.* 'The patient *abyding* of the righteous shall be turned to gladness,' Prov. x. 28 (Ed. A.D. 1539).

391. *Affront*—not offend, but *face*. Latin *frons*, forehead. So, Polonius advises that Hamlet shall *affront* Ophelia, *i.e.* meet face to face.

392. *Moloch, horrid king*. Moloch, signifying *king*, was the god of *fire* as a destructive element. His *brazen* idol was worshipped with cruel rites at Rabba (City of Waters, 2 Sam. xii. 27), the capital of the Ammonites, who dwelt on the basin of the Jabbok. Also in Argob and Basan, adjacent and subject districts, as far as Arnon, the south border.

401. *Solomon*. Solomon built a high place for *Chemosh*, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem (Mount of Olives); and for *Molech*, the abomination of the children of Ammon.—1 Kings xi. 7.

404. *Hinnom*. *See* Jer. vii. 31. Milton draws its name *Tophet* from Hebrew *toph*, a drum (*see* line 394). The fires, never quenched, which burnt there in later times made it a type of hell.

406. *Chemos*, identified with *Baal-peor* by St. Jerome and others, was the *sun-god* of the Syrians, probably their Adonis. He was worshipped by the Moabites, stretching from Aroer (north) to Nebo (east), to Abarim (south); also in the realm of Sihon, king of the Amorites (Num. xxi. 26), beyond Sibmah, famous for vines (Jer. xlviii. 32, 'O vine of Sibmah, I will weep for thee'), and Eleale, a city near Heshbon, to the Dead Sea and Jordan on the west.

414. *Cost them woe*. 24,000 fell. *See* Num. xxv.
*Orgies*—frantic rites (Greek ὀργή, rage), originally at the feasts of Bacchus.

418. *Good Josiah*. Good Josiah broke in pieces their images, and cut down their groves (2 Kings xxiii. 14).

422. *Baalim and Ashtaroth*—'general,' *i.e.* collective, names for the various Syrian gods, probably identified with the *host of heaven*.

423. *Spirits when they please*. 'They can assume other aërial bodies and all manner of shapes at their pleasure, and appear in what likeness they themselves will.'—BURTON'S *Anatomy:* 'Nature of Devils.'

437. *In troop*—*i.e.* in company, the moon with the stars. Astarte was the Venus of the Phœnicians, *regina cœli, mater deum;* and 'the goddess of the Sidonians' (1 Kings xi. 5); and 'queen of heaven' (Jer. vii. 18.) Possibly the *Triple Diana* of Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 511.

446. *Thammuz*—the Adonis of the Syrians, who died every year and revived again. He was slain by a boar in Lebanon, and the yearly colouring of the river Adonis was the occasion of his festivals. The myth is of Phœnician origin.

455. *Ezekiel saw*. Ezek. viii. 13, 'sat women weeping for Tammuz.'

460. *Grunsel-edge*—the edge of the *ground-sil* (Latin *solum*, the ground), or beam which crosses the threshold (1 Sam. v. 4).

462. *Dagon*—god of the Philistines, who gave their name to *Palestine* (line 465), and worshipped him in their five cities,—Azotus or Ashdod, Ekron, Gath, Ascalon, and Gaza, the most southern point of Canaan—*see* Gen. x. 19.

467. *Rimmon*. His temple is mentioned in 2 Kings v. 18. He *lost* Naaman the leper (2 Kings v. 17), and *gained* King Ahaz, who, having taken Damascus, made an altar like to the heathen one there, and set it up in the place of God's altar, and 'offered thereon' (2 Kings xvi. 10), and 'sacrificed to the gods of Damascus' (2 Chron. xxviii. 23).

478. *Osiris, Isis, Orus*—father, mother, and son. A magnificent group of these three in gold has lately been discovered, and secured for the Louvre museum. It dates probably from the 32d dynasty.

481. *Wandering gods*. Alluding to the story, that when the gods fled from the giants, they concealed themselves in shapes of various beasts.—OVID, *Metamorphoses*, v. 319.

484. *Rebel king*—Jeroboam, 1 Kings xii.

490. *Belial*—signifies *shameless wickedness*. 'The sons of Eli were children of *Belial*,' 1 Sam. ii. 12.

502. *Flown*—not high flown, but *flowed* or *flushed*, *i.e.* filled to the full. So used in Spenser.

503. *Sodom*. Gen. xix. 8, and Judges xix. 25.

508. *Ionian gods*. The deities of the *Hellenic* or classic tribes descended from Javan, grandson of Noah. Jove was born at Mount Ida, in Crete, passed over to Greece, and resided on Olympus in Thessaly. Apollo was known at the oracle of Delphi, or the adjacent city of Dordona. Some fled across the Adriatic to Italy and France, to Britain, the Orkneys, and Iceland, or *Ultima Thule*.

526. *Cast*—an astrological term, used also in line 605, as in the expression, 'to cast a nativity.' Comp. *Comus*, 360.

529. *Gently*—nobly. So, gentle birth = noble birth. *Gens*, family.

536. *The imperial ensign*, etc. Gray has the same figure in the *Bard*—

> 'Loose his beard and hoary hair
> Streamed *like a meteor* to the troubled air.'

539. *Trophies*—properly, spoils of victory; but here, emblems or memorials, as in Gray's *Elegy*—'If Memory o'er their tomb no *trophies* raise.'

540. *Sonorous metal*. Comp. 'The sounding alchymy' of ii. 515, and the 'breathing brass' of Virgil (*Æneid*, vi. 245).

546. *Orient colours*. Orient *orig.* = coloured like the eastern sky at the rising sun, *sol oriens*. But the word takes a wider meaning of *intensely bright*, as in ii. 400.

548. *Thick array*—close order. French *arroyer*, to arrange. So, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 396—'Thou drov'st the warring angels *disarray'd*' (disordered).

550. *Phalanx, Dorian*—the solid square of Greek heavy-armed infantry. The Dorian mood was the most *stately* of the Greek *modes* or keys to which their music and poetry were *together* set.

556. *No wanting*, etc. 'Of power (music) to allay the perturbations of the mind.'—Milton, *Church Government*.

*Breathing*, etc. Comp. *Iliad*, iii. 8—'The Greeks moved on in silence, breathing force.'

*Horrid front*. The aptness of *horrid* is in its original force of *brist-*

*ling* (*horreo*, to stand on end), alluding to the erect spears. So, '*horrent* arms,' ii. 513.

573. *Since created man*—Latin idiom (*post hominem creatum*) = since man was created.

575. *Could merit*—could *avail* more in a *military* sense. *See* ii. 5.
*Small infantry*—the *pygmies*, a race of dwarfs which Homer tells were warred on by the Cranes.—*Iliad*, iii. 2.

577. *Heroic race*—the giants who fought against the gods at Phlegra; the heroes at the siege of Troy, who are in Homer assisted by the gods; and the sons of Œdipus, who fought at Thebes in Bœotia.

580. *Uther's son* — Prince Arthur of the 6th century, son of Uther Pendragon, and his Knights of the Round Table. Their achievements were told in the *Norman Romances*.

583. *Aspramont*, etc. As in the fabulous wars against the Saracens, recounted in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, 'the first of all poems of chivalry and romance.'

586. *Charlemain*—Charles the Great, King of the Franks, A.D. 800, was the central figure in the continental romances of the twelfth and following centuries, which were full of enchanted gardens, heroes, magicians, and monsters.

597. *Disastrous* — ill-boding, literally *ill-starred* (*dis*, and *astrum*, a star). In *Hamlet*, we read of 'disasters (*i.e.* omens) in the sun.'

609. *Amerct.* Its meanings have been—(1) *Military*—a conqueror in battle spares the life of the conquered *a merci*, at a payment (Latin *merces*, a sum); (2) *Legal*—to set *at the mercy* of the court as to payment; (3) To fine or deprive of. It has here the last meaning.

642. *Tempted our attempt* — play on words, frequent in Elizabethan writers, *e.g.* 'How many things by *season season'd* are' (*Merchant of Venice*).

659. *Thoughts, counsels.* Thoughts are *aims, intentions;* counsels are *plans of action* to gain those ends. So, in ii. 115, it is said of Belial, that though highly intellectual, 'his *thought* was low.'

668. *Clashed.* This word, like the whole line, is onomatopœic. Comp. clang, clank, clangour, clatter, clap, etc.

674. *Work of sulphur.* In alchemy, metals were regarded as combinations of sulphur and mercury.

678. *Mammon*—a Syriac word signifying *riches*. The personification follows Matt. vi. 24.

686. *The centre*—the earth beneath. *See* note on line 74. Comp. *Hamlet*, II.—

> 'Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
> Within *the centre*.'

690. *Admire—i.e. wonder*, its original meaning, as in line 731. Comp. ii. 678—'The undaunted fiend what this might be *admired*.'

694. *Babel*, etc.—the Temple of Belus at Babylon, and the Pyramids near Memphis, ancient capital of Egypt.

703. *Founded*—poured into moulds. Latin *fundere*, to pour.

716. *Bossy—i.e.* embossed, raised, *in relievo*.

717. *Fretted*—worked into intersecting fillets; ultimately from *ferrum*, iron. Comp. It. *ferrata*, the grating of a window. *Hamlet*, ii. 2: 'This majestical roof, *fretted* with golden fire.'

720. *Belus*, etc. Belus = Bel, Baal, the chief Assyrian deity; and *Serap-*

was the Egyptian god, worshipped at a magnificent shrine at Alexandria called the *Serapeum*.

728. *Cressets*—fire dishes, or open pillar torches; from *cruse*.

729. *Naphtha and asphaltus*—both Eastern words. The latter substance was found on the shores of the 'Asphaltic Pool' (line 411), or Dead Sea.

736. *Gave to rule*—gave (permission) to rule. So Gray (*Ode for Music*)—

> 'The few whom Génius *gave* [*enabled*] *to shine*,
> Through every unborn age and undiscovered clime.'

*Mulciber*—literally, *the melter, i.e.* Vulcan. *Ausonian land* is Italy.

740. *How he fell. See Iliad*, i. 590.

750. *Engines.* Latin *ingenia.* The word was formerly used for any instrument or contrivance, and occasionally for even *craft* or *wit.* In the statute *of Mortmain* (Edw. I.), 'aut alio quovis modo, arte, vel *ingenio*,' is Englished, 'by any other craft or *engine*.'

755. *Pandemonium*—literally, the abode of 'all the demons.'

763. *Covered field—enclosed* field or *champ clos* at a tournament.

765. *Panim*—pagan. French *paien;* Latin *pagus*, a village or union of villages; *pango*, to fix or unite. Villagers being the last to receive Christianity in the Roman Empire, gave their name to *unbelievers.* So, heathen = people of the heath.

769. *Bees.* The simile of swarming bees is found in *Iliad*, ii. 87, *Æneid*, i. 430 and vi. 707.

775. *Expatiate*—ex, and *spatium*, space—(1) to walk about; (2) to range a subject by talking about it at length. The first meaning is the one here.

780. *Pygmæan race. See* note on line 575.

783. *Nearer to the earth.* The spirits being supposed 'able to draw down the moon in the sky by their songs.'—Virgil, *Eclogue* 8.

790. *At large—i.e.* at *ease*, having space enough. French *au large.*

795. *Frequent and full.* In Latin, *frequens* senatus = a full house. *Frequent* refers rather to the seats, and *full* to the whole building. Comp. MILTON'S *History of England*—'The assembly was full and *frequent* according to summons.'

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## BOOK II.

2. *Wealth of Ormus*, etc. The diamonds of India were largely exported at Ormus, an island at the entrance of the Persian Gulf.

4. *Showers.* In the *Life of Tamerlane*, translated from the Persian by Petit de Croix, we read: 'Les princes du sang royal et les emirs répandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or et de pierreries selon la coutume.'

5. *By merit*—by military choice or lot, as also in line 21. Latin *mereo*, I obtain as my portion; akin to Sanscrit *ma*, to measure out.

9. *Success* — that which *succeeds* or follows a course of action; in this case *failure.* The word has the same force in line 123.

12. *For since.* Lines 12–17 form a parenthesis.

26. *Envy.* Note the idea of *looking*, common to (1) *envy* (French

*envie*, Latin *in, video*, to see); (2) *respect*, (*re, specio*, to look); (3) *regard*, akin to German *wahren*, to look at.

33. *None*—there is none.

43. *Moloch.* Read note on i. 392. The speeches of the fallen angels are suitable to their several characters. Moloch, with furious eloquence, urges immediate and bitter revenge.

*Sceptered king* — the σκηπτοῦχος βασιλεύς of Homer. Moreover, the name Moloch means *king*.

50. *Reck'd not*—reckoned or *cared* not. In *Lycidas*, 120, it is used impersonally—'What *recks* it them?'

55. *Stand in arms—sit. Stand* has a use equivalent to *be*, as in the phrase, *sto correctus*. So, in *Paradise Lost*, xi. 1, Adam and Eve '*stood* repentant,' though their attitude was prostrate.

69. *Mixed with—filled with*, a Latinism; *e.g.* Virgil, *Æneid*, ii. 487—'At domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu *miscetur*.'

79. *Insulting*—in its literal sense, *leaping against*, attacking (Latin, *in*, on, *salio*, I leap). *Salmon* (a leaping fish) is from the same root.

82. *Event*—outcome, issue of the battle. *See* note on i. 118.

89. *Exercise*—vex; *e.g.* Virgil, *Georgic* iv. 453—'Non te nullius exercent numinis iræ.'

90. *The scourge inexorably.* Comp. Gray, *Ode to Adversity*—

'Whose *iron scourge and torturing hour*
The bad affright, afflict the best.'

92. *Destroyed, abolished. Destroyed* in Milton = shattered and broken, deprived of free action and pleasure; *abolished* = annihilated.

94. *What doubt we—i.e.* Why (Latin *quid*) hesitate we?

97. *This essential.* Adjective for noun, as, in line 278, 'this sensible' for *this sensible being* — this our *essentiality* or individuality. The *essence* is the individual *essens* or *existence*, while *substance* is that of which the essence consists.

104. *Fatal throne*—upheld by fate. *See* i. 133.

106. *Denounced*—announced, bespoke.

109. *Belial.* Read i. 490 *et seq.* Belial's is the speech of slothful cowardice, hardly hidden by crafty sophistry.

110. *In act humane*—in *action* or mien more *polished. Humanity* is still a term used in the Scotch universities for *Latin studies*, which humanize or refine.

113. *Manna*—possibly from Hebrew *man hu*, what is it? (Ex. xvi. 15). *The worse appear the better.* The phrase is borrowed from *The Apology of Plato for Socrates*, p. 18, B. 'Socrates, a wise man who speculated about heaven above, and searched into the earth beneath, and made the worse appear the better cause (τὸν ἥττω λόγον κρείττω ποιῶν).'—Jowett's transl.

115. *Thoughts were low*—his aims, motives. Read note on i. 659.

124. *Fact of arms*—the Italian *fatto d'arme*, battle.

152. *Let this*, etc.—Allowing this to be true.

154. *Will*—not a mere auxiliary of futurity, but = *will* [*be willing to*]. So John v. 40—'Ye *will* not [are not willing to] come unto me that ye might have life.'

156. *Impotence—foolishness*, a sense it often has in Latin; *e.g. impotentia iræ, impotentia doloris*, etc.

170. *The breath.* Comp. Isa. xxx. 33—'Tophet is ordained of old: . . . the pile thereof is fire and much wood; *the breath* of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it.'

174. *Red right hand.* Horace (*Odes*, I. i. 2) describes Jove *rubente dextra.*

174. *His, her. His* refers to God, and not to *vengeance*, which is not fully personified here, and, moreover, would have required the feminine. *Her* refers to *hell*, places generally being feminine; *e.g.* 'Heaven,' line 141.

184. *Converse*—dwell. Latin *conversor.*

185. *Unrespited*, etc. So Fairfax (*Tasso*, ii. 16)—'Unseene, unmarked, unpitied, unrewarded;' and Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act I.—'Unhouseled, disappointed, unanel'd.'

199. *To suffer as to do.* Comp. Livy, Book II. 12—'Et facere et pati fortia Romanorum est.'

203. *Fall*—happen. So, *chance* is from Latin *cadere*, to fall.

216. *Vapour*—heat, like Latin *vapor.*

224. The passage means: Though looking at our happiness we are wretched enough, yet, regarding our misery, we might be worse.

228. *Mammon*, like Belial, is for peace, but rather for what may be *gained* than for what may be eased thereby.

243. *Hallelujah*—Hebrew, literally, praise to *Jah* or Jehovah.

244. *Altar breathes*—smells of, is *redolent* of, as in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 264—'Airs *breathing* the smell of field and grove.'

264. *Thick clouds.* 'He made darkness His secret place; His pavilion round about Him were dark waters and *thick clouds*,' Ps. xviii. 11; also Ps. xcvii. 2.

278. *The sensible*—the sensibility, a Græcism. *See* note on 'this essential,' line 97.

287. *Hoarse cadence lull.* Both the sound and the simile of this passage express the pacifying effect of this speech. *Lull* = la, la—hence *lullaby.*

302. *Pillar of state.* Comp. 2 *Henry VI.*, Act I.—'Brave peers of England, *pillars of the state.*'

*Front*—forehead. So Gray (*Bard*)—'Sublime their starry *fronts* they raise' (their bejewelled brows).

306. *Atlantean shoulders.* This figure is in Isa. ix. 6—'The government shall be *on His shoulders.*' Atlas was one of the giants, who by order of Jove sustained heaven and earth on his shoulders.

329. *What sit we—Why*, etc. (Latin *quid*).

333–336. *But——but.* The syntax will be clear if *except* (as a conjunction) be read for *but* in both instances. Comp. i. 273, and note.

337. *Reluctance*—rebellion, obstinacy. Latin *reluctor*, to struggle against.

341. *Want*—be wanting.

343. *Assault*, etc.—three distinct modes of ingress, as in *Lycidas*, 115.

352. *Among the gods—i.e.* the angels, as in Ps. lxxxii. 1—'He (God) judgeth among the *gods*;' and Ps. xcvii. 7—'Worship Him, all ye gods.'

359. *Arbitrator*—arbiter, ruler, or president, not umpire. So, in i. 785, the moon is arbitress at the fairies' dance.

367. *Puny*—late created. French *puis*, since, *né*, born.

378. *Vain empires. Vain* has two meanings: (1) empty, worthless—the Biblical sense; (2) boastful: the former is used here. Vain is akin to *wane*; Anglo-Saxon *wana*, deficient.

387. *States*—estates, as in 'Estates of the realm,' 'Les états généraux.'

399. *Brightening orient beam.* Brightening = *making*, not growing bright. For orient, *see* note, i. 546.

406. *Palpable obscure*—the latter of two adjectives used as a substantive. So, *vast abrupt* (line 409). Sometimes of two nouns, one is used as an adjective,—ocean stream (i. 202), bullion dross (i. 704).

407. *Uncouth*—Anglo-Saxon *un-cudth*, unknown. Used here in this, its first meaning, of strange, as in line 825, 'this *uncouth* errand.' Its secondary meaning is—*awkward* as to persons, *rude* as to things; *e.g.* 'In characters *uncouth* and spelt amiss' (COWPER).

409. *Arrive the happy isle.* Milton, in his prose, always uses *arrive* thus. So Shakespeare, 3 *Henry VI.*, Act V.—

> 'Those powers that the queen
> Hath raised in Gallia have *arriv'd* our coast.'

417. *Expectation, suspense. Expect* (Latin *expecto*, I watch for) had formerly a much stronger meaning than now; *e.g.* Heb. x. 13—'From henceforth *expecting* till He shall make His enemies His footstool.'

431. *Demur*—hesitation, delay: originally, a legal *objection.*

438. *Void profound*—the *inane profundum* of Lucretius.

439. *Unessential night*—chaotic space devoid of being, *essentia.* Read note on *essence and substance* (i. 117). So Gray, *Descent of Odin*—

> 'Never till *substantial night*
> Has reassumed her ancient right.'

445. *But I*, etc. So in the *Iliad*, xii. 310, Sarpedon addresses Glaucus:

> 'Why on these shores are we with joy surveyed,
> Admired as heroes, and as gods surveyed,
> Unless great acts superior merit proves?' etc.

457. *Intend*—attend to, ply.

461. *Deceive the pain*—enable the senses to elude the pain.

471. *Opinion*—public or popular esteem. So in Shakespeare, Henry IV. hopes that his son will succeed to the throne, 'with better *opinion*, better confirmation.'

488. *As when from mountain top.* This fine passage closely resembles *Iliad*, xvi. 297 *et seq.*

492. *If chance*, etc. Disraeli, in his *Curiosities*, suggests that this is an imitation of 'an obscure poet' quoted by Poole in his *English Parnassus*, A.D. 1657—

> 'To Thetis' watery bowers the *sun* doth hie,
> *Bidding farewell* unto the gloomy sky.'

506. *Stygian*—infernal. *See* note on i. 239.

509. *Antagonist.* Greek ἀντί, against, ἀγωνίζομαι, to struggle or wrestle for a prize; literally, a competitor in the games.

513. *Horrent arms*—not frightful, but bristling. *See* note on i. 563.

517. *Sounding alchymy.* Comp. 'Sonorous metal,' i. 540. Alchymy, the Arabic name of the art which transmuted metals, is used for any *mixed metal.* So Fletcher, *Purple Island*, c. 7, st. 39:—

> 'Such were his arms, false gold, true *alchymie.*'

530. *Olympian*, etc. The Olympian games were the national festivals of Greece, held every four years in the Vale of Olympia. They consisted of chariot and foot races, and all kinds of athletic contests. The Pythian games were held every fifth year, and included literary and artistic contests.

536. *Couch their spears*—(French *coucher*, to set) to set their spear in the *rest*, which was in the breast armour. So Tennyson, *Idyils of the King*—

> 'And then did either side
> Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move,
> Meet in the midst,' etc.

538. *Welkin*—Anglo-Saxon *wolcen*, the concave of sky above us. *See Comus*, 1015, 'the bowed welkin.'

539. *Typhœan*—the monster Typhon (i. 289), who hurled rocks against heaven.

542. *Alcides*—an allusion to Ovid's story of Hercules *furens*, who, returning from the conquest of Œchalia, took Iole with him. Dejanira, his jealous wife, sent him an envenomed robe, which maddened him with pain. In his rage he flung the messenger into the sea.

552. *Partial*—*i.e.* imperfect.

554. *Took with ravishment.* Milton, himself a musician, always describes the power of music with spirit; *e.g. Comus*, 244 and 256.

559. *Will and fate*—the vexed questions of the Schoolmen, who, 'with many words, made nothing understood' (HOBBES).

563. *Of happiness, etc.* The disputes of the Greek philosophers. The Epicureans set the sovereign good in pleasure, the Stoics in unfeeling austerity.

569. *Triple steel.* Imitation of Horace, *Odes*, I. iii. 9:—

> 'Illi robur, et *æs triplex*,
> Circa pectus erat.'

577. *Four infernal rivers.* These rivers are those of the Greek hell: Styx, στυγέω, to *hate*; Acheron, ἄχος, *grief;* Cocytus, κωκύω, to *weep;* Phlegethon, φλέγω, to *burn;* Lethe, λήθη, *oblivion.*

589. *Dire hail*—the 'diræ grandinis' of Horace, *Odes*, I. ii. 1.

593. *Serbonian bog*—a vast marsh near the mouth of the Nile, which, being covered up by the shifting sands of the adjacent hills, deceived whole armies (HERODOTUS).

*Damiata* (Damietta), a town of Lower Egypt, and *Casius*, a lofty mountain range on the border of that country.

595. *Burns frore.* Frore = Anglo-Saxon *froren*, frozen, frosty, the past-participle of *freosan*, to freeze. Comp. Ecclesiasticus xliii. 20—'When the cold north wind bloweth, it *burneth* the wilderness, and consumeth the grass *as fire*.'

596. *Harpy-footed furies.* Furies were female monsters in the Greek mythology, who executed with whips of scorpions the vengeance of the gods.

*Haled*—a form of *hauled* (comp. Dutch *halen*, to fetch), used in Luke xii. 58—'*hale* thee to the judge.'

599. *Fierce extremes.* As described by Dante with terrible effect.

610. *Fate withstands*—the '*fata* obstant' of Virgil, *Æneid*, iv. 440.

611. *Medusa*—the most fearful of the three *Gorgons*, who were female monsters (Greek γοργος, fearful) of terrible aspect, with enormous teeth and girt with serpents. Whoever looked upon her countenance changed into stone.

614. *Tantalus*—a son of Zeus, who was condemned by the latter to eternal thirst, the water flying his lips as often as he tried to drink; hence our word *tantalize.*

616. *Shuddering horror*, etc.—as it were *with hair on end* (*horreo*, to bristle). Comp. Gray (*Ode to Adversity*)—'With screaming Horror's funeral cry.'

620. *Alp*—mountain. So Pope (*Essay on Criticism*)—'Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.'

621. *Rocks*, etc. 'Of death' qualifies *each* noun in the line, a construction in which Burke (*Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*) finds 'a very great degree of the sublime.'

628. *Gorgons*—see note on line 611. *Hydra* was a nine-headed monster, whose destruction was one of the labours of Hercules. The *Chimera* was a monster, part lion, part dragon, vomiting flames, and slain by Bellerophon with arrows. Virgil describes these monsters as in hell (*Æneid*, vi. 287).

636. *A fleet*, etc.—an East Indian fleet sailing by the *Trade Winds* from Bengal or the Spice Islands, across the Indian Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope. The point of the simile must be found in the 'tacking,' or zigzag course of the ships resembling that of the fiend (line 632).

647. *Impaled*—paled in, enclosed. So Drayton—'Where thou *impaled* by fire and sword dost dwell.'

650. *The one seemed*, etc. This famous allegory seems to be founded on James i. 15. *Sin* bears a resemblance to Spenser's *Error* in the *Faerie Queene:*

> 'Half like a serpent horribly display'd,
> But th' other half did woman's shape retain.'

654. *Cry*—a pack. So Sylvester (*Du Bartas*)—'A *cry of hounds* have here a deer in chase.'

655. *Cerberean mouths.* Cerberus was the many-headed dog which guarded hell gates. Imitation of Ovid's *Cerberos rictus.*

660. *Vexed Scylla.* The rocky coast of Calabria, the southmost point of Italy, was (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*) a goddess metamorphosed into a monster with six barking mouths. It was opposite to Trinacria, the *triangular* island of Sicily.

662. *Night-hag*—night goblin. But originally a *hag* was one 'wise' in unholy secrets (Anglo-Saxon *hæges*, wise); hence a witch. Witches, especially those of Norway, Iceland, and Lapland, were made famous by old writers. They could 'fly in the air,' 'meet spirits where they would,' and 'stole *young children ministerio dæmonum*' (BURTON'S *Anatomy*).

665. *Labouring moon.* Eclipses were called by the Latins *labores lunæ.*

677. *Admir'd*—wondered. *See* i. 690.

678. *God and his Son except.* But 'God and His Son' are *not* created things. This peculiar use of *except* as a preposition resembles that of *but* as a conjunction, ii. 333. Comp. the author's *Doctrine of Divorce*—'There is no place in heaven or earth, *except hell*, where charity may not enter.'

692. *Third part.* 'Behold a great red dragon, and his tail drew the *third part* of the stars of the heaven, and did cast them to the earth.' Rev. xii. 4.

693. *Conjured—con-jurati;* literally, bound together by oath.

703. *Pangs unfelt.* Comp. Gray (*Ode to Adversity*)—'With *pangs unfelt before*, unpitied and alone.'
*Deform*—the Latin *deformis*, ugly.

708. *A comet.* Virgil compares a hero to a comet in *Æneid*, x.

Here it is long enough to *light up* the length (40°) of the constellation *Serpentarius*, in the northern hemisphere.

710. *His horrid hair.* So Butler, *Hudibras*, c. i. (of himself)—

'This *hairy meteor* did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns.'

*See* note on ii. 513.

721. The allusion is to Christ (Heb. ii. 14)—'That through death He might destroy him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil.'

743. *Phantasm*—Greek φάντασμα, an appearance, from φαίνω, to make appear. *Phantom* is the French *fantôme*, from the same root.

827. *Uncouth errand*—this unknown journey. *See* note on line 407.

833. *Purlieus*—outskirts, originally *of a forest.* According to Wedgewood, from French *pourallee*, land severed from a royal forest by perambulation; *pour*, forward, *aller*, to go.

842. *Buxome*—used here in its earliest meaning of *yielding*, flexible. Old English, *bough-some;* Anglo-Saxon, *bugan*, to bend, and *some*, affix of quality. So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. 2—'And therewith scourge the *buxome air* so sore.'

846. *Ghastly smile.* So Homer of Ajax—'μειδιόων βλοσυροῖσι παρειῇσι;' Statius of Tydeus, 'formidabile ridens;' Cowley, 'with a dreadful smile deform'dly grin;' Gray, 'scowl a baleful smile.'

847. *His famine*—his hunger.

849. *Bespake*—addressed. *See* note on *bestir*, i. 334.

858. *Tartarus*—the place of punishment in the lower world.

868. *Gods, ease.* Word for word from Homer—'θεοὶ μέλι ζώοντες.'—*Il.* vi. 138.

873. *Train*—(Latin *trahe*, to draw) *that which is drawn*—line 651.

874. *Portcullis*—French *porte-coulisse, sliding door* of wood and iron used at castle gateways.

881. *Grate harsh*, etc. Perhaps from *The Romance of Don Bellianis*, in which the gates of the castle of Brandezar open, '*grating harsh thunder* upon their brazen hinges.'

883. *Erebus*—'darkness,' the name given by the ancients to the gloomy space through which departed souls pass into Hades.

889. *Redounding smoke*—smoke curling *like waves* (*re*, back; *d* euphonic; *unda*, a wave).

891. *The hoary deep.* Comp. Job xli. 32—'One would think the *deep* to be *hoary.*'

894. *Night and Chaos.* Milton's system of the universe, partly that of the ancients, is that the empyrean heaven existed above, and chaos in darkness below, previous to the creation. At the rebellion of the angels, first *hell* was formed out of chaos, and afterwards heaven and earth, 'another world.' Read line 1002 *et seq.*

898. Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, i.) has a description of chaos:—

'Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia siccis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus.'

902. *Light arm'd or heavy*—the figure is that of the 'heavy-armed' and 'light-armed' of the Greek foot-soldiers.

904. *Barca or Cyrene*—a city and province of Libya, which Heylin (A.D. 1620) says 'is couered with a light sand, which the windes remoue continually vp and downe, turning valleies into hills and hills into valleies.'

905. *Poise—balance.* Old French *poiser*, from Latin *penso* or *pendo*, to weigh. Pliny tells of 'certain birds who, when a storm arises, *poise* themselves with little stones.'

911. *The womb of Nature*, etc. Comp. *Lucretius*, v. 260—'Omniparens eadem rerum commune sepulchrum;' and Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*—'The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb.'

917. *Into this*, etc. The verb *stood* is to be mentally joined with *looked*. The same construction is found in *Paradise Lost*, v. 368—

'What the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste.'

919. *Frith*, or firth—Norwegian *fjord*, a bay; Latin *fretum*, a strait.

920. *Pealed*—assailed with noise.

921. *Ruinous*—like a *tumbling* city (Latin *ruo*, to rush).
*To compare*, etc.—Virgil's expression, *Eclogue* i. 24—'Parvis componere magna.'

922. *Bellona*—the Roman goddess of war; from *bellum*.

927. *Vans*—Latin *vannus*, a fan for winnowing. Ariosto uses *vanni* when speaking of the wings of the archangel Michael.

933. *Pennons*—A stricter form of *pinions*, from *penna*, a plume or wing. *Vain* here means not *in vain*, but 'vanus,' empty. *See* note on '*vain* empires,' line 378. Observe how the labial alliteration expresses fluttering.

938. *Fury—force*, as in (i. 235) 'mineral fury.'

939. *Syrtis*, etc. Agreeing with Lucan, *Pharsalia*, ix. 304—'Syrtes—in dubio pelagi terræque reliquit.'

940. *Nigh founder'd.* The French *fonder* is primarily to go to the bottom—Latin, *fundus*; but the expression signifies here *nearly brought to a standstill*. So used also in 'night-*foundered* skiff' (i. 204).
*Fares*—goes; Anglo-Saxon *faran*, to go. Comp. 'thorough-fare.'

942. *Behoves him*—an impersonal verb, governing in Anglo-Saxon the dative. It behoves to him = it *befits* or is necessary to him. Anglo-Saxon *behofian*, to befit. Behove is from the verb *have*, and connected with *behave*, just as in Latin, *habilis*, fit, is from *habeo*, to have.

943. *Gryfon*—or griffin, ultimately from the Greek γρυπός, crook-nosed. This was a creature, half eagle, half lion, whom Herodotus described as guarding the gold mines in the Rhipæan mountains. They were engaged in constant contests with the Arimaspians, a one-eyed people of Scythia, who sought the gold to adorn their hair with.

946. *Pourloined*—French *pourloin*, literally, carried to a distance.

951. *Hubbub*—an onomatopœic word, like *bubble, murmur*, etc.

954. *Plies*—works himself forward. French *plier*, to work to and fro.

962. *Sable vested*—clothed in *black*, the colour of the *sable*, Russian *sobol;* perhaps derived from *Siberia*, where the animal is found.

964. *Orcus and Ades.* Orcus generally signified Pluto, the god of darkness, and Ades is the Hades—literally *unseen*—which is rendered *hell* in the New Testament.

965. *Demigorgon.* Tasso, Spenser, and other poets of that age, make allusion to such a deity, whose very name men dreaded to utter.
*Name.* This manner of speaking is found in Rev. xi. 3—'And in the earthquake were slain *of names* seven thousand.'

972. *Secrets* — the Latin *secreta*, secret places. So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*—'And searchéd all their cells and *secrets* neare.'

977. *Confine*—meet in their boundaries.

988. *Anarch*—from Greek ἄν, without, ἀρχή, government, being the ruler of chaos or anarchy.

989. *Incomposed*—the Latin *incompositus*, discomposed.

999. *If all I can.* The meaning of the passage is, 'I keep guard on my frontiers in order to *conserve* (if haply my utmost power suffice for the task) my now limited empire, which is *ever* being encroached on,' etc.

1005. *Golden chain* — Homer describes the golden chain of Zeus, by which he drew up the gods, earth, seas, and the whole universe. Waller finely uses the idea—

> 'The chain that's fixéd to the throne of Jove,
> On which the fabric of our world depends,
> One link dissolved, the whole creation ends.'

1008. *So much the nearer.* The grammar of this phrase is found in considering *the* as representing an Anglo-Saxon ablative—so much nearer *by that.*

1018. *Justling rocks—concurrenta saxa* of Juvenal, and in Greek the *Symplegades*, two rocks at the entrance of the Black Sea, between which Jason and his companions passed by the help of the seer Phineus, when seeking the golden fleece.

1019. *Ulysses.* 'On the larboard' (the left hand) must refer to Ulysses, not to Charybdis, which would be on the starboard. The whirlpool is Scylla (note, ii. 660).

1034. *God and good angels*—a common old English phrase; *e.g.* Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, Act V. — '*God and good angels* fight on Richmond's side.'

1038. *Verge*—limit of rule. The etymology of verge is—(1) *vireo*, to be green; (2) *virga*, a green twig or wand; (3) a mace, emblem of jurisdiction; (4) the *limit* of jurisdiction, a sense retained in the 'verge' of the Lord Steward of the Royal Household; (5) margin or scope, *e.g.* Gray, *Bard*—

> 'Give ample *room and verge* enough,
> The characters of hell to trace!'

1043. *Holds the port*—a Latin phrase; *e.g.* Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 400—'Aut *tenet portum* aut pleno subit ostia velo.'

1046 *et seq. By distance*, the vast universe of planets and fixed stars appeared as small as a single star when near the edge of the moon, —one of the finest of Milton's far-reaching illustrations.

1052. *This pendent world.* In Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, Act III., Claudio fears lest after death he should be—

> 'Imprisoned in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence round about
> *This pendent world.*'

1055. *Hies*—Teutonic *highan;* Old English *highe*, to haste with panting breath. 'He hies *him*' is the general usage, this verb being a good example of the nearest approach in English to a *true reflective.*—LATHAM, *English Language*, 365.

## COMUS.

3. *My mansion*—region of my abode; as in *Paradise Lost*, i. 268, and ii. 462.
4. *Insphered*—enclosed, localized. Comp. *Il Penseroso*—*unsphere* the spirit of Plato, *i.e.* bring it down from its *place*.
6. *Low-thoughted care*—*i.e.* anxiety respecting *low objects*. *Thought* =aim. *See* note on 'thoughts,' *Paradise Lost*, i. 85.
7. *Pestered*—crowded (Italian *pesta*, a crowd), as in a sheep-fold.
10. *This mortal change*—this earthly *scene*. *Change* is not *death*, but used in a sense borrowed from its meaning of a *figure in a dance*. In 'immortal change' (line 841), the word has its common meaning.
16. *Ambrosial weeds*. Ambrosial (Greek, ἀ, without, βροτὸς, mortal), from its literal meaning of immortal, obtains that of heavenly, or pertaining to the gods. *Weeds*=garments; *e.g.* 'widow's weeds.'
18. *Neptune*. When Saturn was overthrown, Zeus ruled in heaven, Pluto (nether Jove) in Hades, and Neptune over the waters.
21. *Isles*. *Isle* and *island* have different derivations. *Isle* is old French *isle*, from Latin *insula*; *island* is Teutonic, either *ea-land*, water-land, or *eye-land*, *i.e.* a small round dot of land.
22. *Gems*, etc. Comp. Scott, *Marmion*—

> 'The gallant firth the eye might note,
> Whose islands on its *bosom* float,
> Like *emeralds* chased in gold.'

24. *To grace*—to do *favour* to; Latin *gratia*, favour.
25. *Several*—separate. *f* or *v* often take the place, in French especially, of *p* and *b*, of which they are the aspirates.
31. *Noble peer*—the earl before whom the mask was played. 'All this tract' refers to Wales. *Mickle trust* = much responsibility. *Mickie* (Scotch *muckle*) is common in Spenser.
37. *Perplexed paths*—entangled (*per*, intens., *plecto*, to twine).
38. *Nodding horror*—the 'shaggy shapes' (line 429) of the bending branches; Latin *horreo*, to bristle.
45. *Hall or bower*—a common phrase in old romances. The *hall* of the Anglo-Saxon house was the open place for feasting; the *bower*, the private apartment of the ladies.
46. *Bacchus*—'The jolly god ever fair and ever young.' Silenus was the god of drunkenness.
48. *After the Tuscan*, etc.—the Latin construction of *post* with the accusative. After they *had been*, etc., *Bacchus* (OVID, *Metamorphoses*) took ship from Icaria for Naxos, and the pirates who manned it steered towards Asia, intending to sell him as a slave. The god then changed himself into a lion, and the mariners, leaping into the sea, became dolphins.
49. *Tyrrhene shore*—the shore of the Etrurian Sea, the *Mare Inferum*, between Sardinia and Sicily and the Italian peninsula.
50. *Circe's island*—Ææa, on which Ulysses (in the *Odyssey*) was cast with his companions. The latter were all changed to swine by by Circe's cup, but Ulysses was fortified against her enchantment by the root *moly*, given him by Hermes (*see* line 637).

59. *Frolic*—full of youthful gaiety.
60. *Celtic and Iberian fields*—France and Spain.
65. *Orient*—*sparkling*, not in its first meaning of eastern; *e.g.* Holland, Pliny, I. p. 255—'Shells that lie in the main sea keep the finest pearls. And yet they, as *orient* as they be, wax yellow with age.'
66. *Drouth of Phœbus*—thirst or dryness produced by the *sun*.
80. *Glancing star*. So Uriel came gliding (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 555) 'on a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star.'
83. *Iris woof*—the colours of Iris, the rainbow.
87. *Knows to still*—*can* still, as in the Greek phrase ἐπίσταται κοιμᾶν. Comp. *Lycidas*, 10. The sun-god was supposed to ride in a golden chariot drawn by fiery horses.
98. *Slope sun*—the sun shining *obliquely*.
105. *Rosy twine*—wreaths of roses. *Twined* is literally *two*-fold. Observe the idea of duality in twilight, twin, twig (the branch parting into two), etc., and probably in *thou*, the *second* person.
110. *Saws*—sayings, wise maxims. Comp. *sagas*, the Scandinavian legends.
112. *Starry quire*—the *chorus* or choir of the stars, which move to the music of the spheres. *Spheres* (line 113) = rounds.
116. *Wavering morris*. A morris is a Moorish dance, introduced into England in the 13th century.
118. *Pert*—from Latin *peritus*, skilled; hence, *nimble*.
121. *Wakes*—originally, times of *waking* or watching as a religious act. Later, a time of carousing; *e.g.* our country *wakes*.
122. *Sleep*. Cf. Byron's *Childe Harold*, Canto iii. st. 93.
129. *Dark-veiled Cotytto*—a Thracian divinity, whose worship was celebrated at Corinth with licentious nocturnal revelry.
135. *Hecate*—a divinity of the lower world, who taught witchcraft to her votaries. *See* line 535.
139. *Nice morn*—the *scrupulous*, *fastidious* daylight. *Nice* is old French, from Latin *nescius*, ignorant, foolish; hence, foolishly particular.
141. *Descry*—not tell or describe, though the old French *descrier* had this meaning; but *announce on discovery*, as with a *cry*.
147. *Shrouds*—covering-places, as the boughs of trees. *The Shrouds* was a covered place near St. Paul's, where sermons were once preached. Comp. Milton's *Ode to Nativity* (line 218)—'Nought but profoundest hell can be his *shroud*.'
151. *Trains*—traps *laid* (Latin *traho*, to draw or lay out).
155. *Blear illusion*. Comp. 'blear (watery) eyed.' Burton (1650) says: 'Hypocrites will counterfeit religion, bombast themselves, and blear the world's eyes.'
157. *Quaint*—curious, and therefore *strange*. So used in *Ode to Nativity*—'Affright the Flamens at their service *quaint*.' An earlier meaning is *curious*, in the sense of *neat*; *e.g. Samson Agonistes*—'A sceptre or *quaint* staff he bears.' Old French *coint*, acquainted.
167. *Gear*—appliances, business. Anglo-Saxon *geara*, preparation. So we say, 'Out of gear.'
168. *Fairly*—*softly*, as in 'fair and softly.'
171. *Methought*—an impersonal verb, *it seemed to me*.
176. *Pan*—the god of shepherds, from root of *pasco*, to feed.

178. *Swilled insolence.* Comp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 502—'Flown with insolence and wine.'

179. *Wassailers*—carousers. In *Ivanhoe*, the Friar drinks to the Black Knight, 'Waes-hale, Sir Sluggish Knight,' who answers, 'Drink hale, holy Clerk.'

188. *Phœbus' wain. See* lines 66 and 96. Comp. description of approach of morning in *Paradise Regained*, iv. 426, and *Lycidas*, 187.

203. *Rife and perfect*—prevalent and distinct.

227. *Noise*—in its old meaning of *sound.* In line 369 it is coupled with *light.*

232. *Meander*—a tortuous river of Asia Minor. Hence to meander, wind about. Gray has 'Disporting on thy *margent green.*'

237. *Narcissus.* In the Greek myth, Narcissus, being beloved in vain by Echo, the nymph died, and the gods punished the youth by making him enamoured of his own image in a fountain, so that he pined away, and was changed into the flower bearing his name.

241. *Parly* or *parle*—talk. Like parliament and parlour, from French *parler*, to speak. Comp. Shakespeare, *Richard II.*—'Or sound so base a *parle.*'

248. *His*—its. *See* note, *Paradise Lost*, i. 176.

253. *Sirens*—Greek σειρῆνες, literally entanglers as with *cords* (σειρά, a rope). Comp. Latin *sero;* Sanskrit *si*, to bind. The Sirens were fabulous maidens, whose bewitching songs allured mariners to destruction on the rocks of their island, near Scylla.

254. *Flowery-kirtled Naiades*—the nymphs of the woods. *Kirtle* was originally a man or woman's dress.

257. *Elysium*—the Paradise of the Greeks. Lapped=*sunk*, as in the 'lap of pleasure.' Comp. *L'Allegro*, 136.

259. *Scylla and Charybdis. See* note, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 660.

267. *Unless* [thou be] *the goddess.* Silvanus was god of the woods.

271. *Ill is lost*—the Latin *male perditur.*

273. *Utmost shift*—the device 'of one at his wits' *end.*' *See* line 617.

277. Such single-line dialogues are common in the Greek tragedies.

285. *Forestalling*—literally, buying goods before brought to the stall; here, *intercepting*, as in Fairfax's Tasso, xv. 47—'An uglie serpent that *forestalled* their way.'

293. *Swinked*—(Anglo-Saxon *swincan*, to labour), wearied. Chaucer's ploughman was 'a trewe *swynker* and a gode.'

301. *Plighted*—plaited, from Latin *plico*, to fold; whereas 'plight' (line 372), condition, is from the Anglo-Saxon *plightan*, to pledge or put at risk.

313. *Bosky bourn*—Old English *boske* is bush, and *bourn*, valley—every bushy valley.

323. *Courtesy.* Comp. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, vi. 1—

> 'Of court it seems men courtesie doe calle,
> For that it there moste useth to abounde.'

332. *Wont'st*—art used. The idea of *use* follows from its older one of Old English *wone*, to dwell.

341. *Star of Arcady*, etc. Calisto, daughter of the King of Arcadia, was changed into the constellation of the *Great Bear*, and her son into the Lesser, *Cynosura*, by which the Phœnicians steered. Cynosura, as something *much gazed at*, occurs in *L'Allegro*, 80.

*Over-exquisite*—too curious; from *exquæro*, to seek out.

367. *Unprincipled*—not grounded in the principles. Milton, in *Tractate on Education*, has 'Souls so *unprincipled* in virtue.'
*Plumes*—properly *prunes*. In Chaucer, *proineth*, smooths. Comp. Pope—'Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wing.'

380. *All-to*—entirely; *e.g.* Shakespeare, *Pericles*, III. ii. 17—
'The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple.'

382. *The centre*—the middle of the earth. *See* note on *Paradise Lost*, i. 74.

384. *Dungeon.* Comp. *Samson Agonistes*, 155—
'Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
The dungeon of thyself.'

393. The golden fruits of the gardens of Hesperus, given by Earth to Juno, were entrusted to the care of the dragon Ladon. To obtain them was one of the labours of Hercules. *Dragon*, from Greek δέρκομαι, to see, is literally a sharp-sighted creature.

404. *It recks me not*—I care not. *See* note, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 50.

410. *Equal-poise*—equipoise. *See* note on *poise*, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 905.

421. *Complete*—accented on the first syllable; the old usage.

423. *Unharboured heaths*—having no places of refuge. *Infamous hills* are the *infames scopulos* of Horace, hills of evil reputation.

429. *Horrid shades. See* note on line 38.

434. *Blue meagre hag*—the witches of the north, 'so withered and so wild.'—*Macbeth*. *See* note on 'night-hag,' *Paradise Lost*, ii. 662.
*Stubborn unlaid ghost.* In the Middle Ages, spirits were thought to wander about at night, and return to their graves at dawn. So *King Lear*, Act III.—'This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock.' And cf. *Hamlet*, I. l. 150.

436. *Fairy of the mine.* 'Some spirits are seen about metal mines, clothed after the manner of the metal-men.'—BURTON'S *Anatomy*.

441. In Lucian's *Dialogues*, Cupid, when asked why he did not attack Minerva and Diana, replied that it was because the former looked so fiercely at him, and affrighted him with the Gorgon head she wore on her breast; and that Diana was so employed in hunting, he could not catch her. *Gorgon—see Paradise Lost*, ii. 611.

455. *Lackey*—attend, literally as footmen.

465. *Lewd.* Its successive meanings have been—(1) Belonging to the *people* (Anglo-Saxon *leod*); (2) Untaught, as opposed to the clerics (*temp.* Chaucer); (3) lawless, *e.g.* Acts. xvii. 5—'certain *lewd* fellows of the baser sort;' (4) licentious, its modern meaning. It is here used in the third sense.

467 *et seq.* Following the doctrines of Plato, some of whose ideas were revived by the philosopher More, a friend of Milton. Comp. *Paradise Lost*, v. 469, where the doctrine appears more at large.

478. *Apollo's lute.* Comp. Shakespeare, *Love's Labour Lost*, Act IV. iii.—
'As sweet and *musical*
As bright *Apollo's lute*, strung with his hair.'

483. *Night founder'd*—benighted. *See* note, *Paradise Lost*, i. 204, and ii. 940.

495. *Madrigal*—(Italian *mandra*, sheepfold, and root *gal*, to sing) a

pastoral song. Shakespeare combines the brook and the madrigal—

'By shallow fountains, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing *madrigals*.'

502. *Trivial*—Latin *tri-vium*, where *tres-viæ* met, a place of common resort. Trivial is therefore *commonplace*.
503. *Stealth*—that which is stolen. Comp. *tilth*, that which is tilled, ii. 430.
509. *Sadly*—in sober earnest. Burton (1650) speaks of astronomers who in his time 'contended in *sober sadness* that the moon was inhabited.'
517. *Chimeras*. *See* note, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 628.
520. *Navel*—centre.
526. *Murmurs*—incantations. In line 817, *mutters* is so used.
530. *Charactered*—imprinted as on a coin. Greek χαρακτήρ, a stamp. Accent the second syllable.
532. *Brow this bottom glade*. So a cliff in *King Lear* 'beetles (*i.e.* projects) o'er his base into the sea.'
535. *Hecate*. *See* note on line 135.
539. *Unweeting*—Spenser's form of *unwitting*, unsuspecting; Anglo-Saxon *witan*, to know.
540. *By then*—by the time when.
542. *Besprent*—a form of *besprinkled*, from root of *spring*.
547. *Meditate*—in its classical sense of *seriously ply*, for which we scarcely have an English word. The line imitates Virgil, *Eclogue*, i. 2—'Silvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avenâ.' Comp. also *Lycidas*, 65—'Strictly *meditate* the thankless Muse.'
553. *Drowsy frighted—drowsy*, as belonging to sleep, and *frighted* with the 'dissonance.' But some read 'drowsy flighted.'
565. *Harrowed*. So Hamlet says of the Ghost, 'It *harrows* me with fear and wonder.'
571. *Wizard*—literally, *wise* man. The affix *ard*, however, is French; while that of *drunkard*, *sluggard*, etc. is a strong form of Anglo-Saxon *ar* in li-*ar*. The feminine, *witch*, has no etymological connection with *wizard*.
589. *Virtue*. This sublime doctrine of the sufficiency of virtue is a favourite one with Milton; *e.g. Samson Agonistes*, 1697.
604. *Acheron*—used here for Hell. *See Paradise Lost*, ii. 575.
605. *Harpies*—creatures with faces of women and wings of birds. The *Hydra* of Lerna was a hundred-headed dragon, killed by Hercules.
607. *Purchase*—what is *stolen* or carried off (French *pourchasser*, to hunt down). Comp. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*—

'Of nightly stelths and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by *purchase* criminall.'

610. *Emprise*—the French for enterprise.
621. *Virtuous plant*—potent herb (Latin *virtus*, strength). So 'a *virtuous* well.'—Beaumont and Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*.
635. *Clouted shoon*. Comp. Josh. ix. 5—'Old shoes and *clouted*,' *i.e.* patched. *Shoon* has the Anglo-Saxon plural ending (German *en*, *an*) found in ox-en, ki-ne.
636. *Moly*. *See* note, line 50.
651. Observe the alliteration of this passage.

660. *Alablaster*—or alabaster, from Alabastron, a town in Egypt where the stone was found.

662. *Root-bound.* Daphne was changed into a laurel-tree, fixed by the *roots.*

674. *Syrop*—syrup; ultimately from Arabic *shariba*, to drink, from which we get *sherbet.*

675. *Nepenthes*—(Greek νηπενθές, dispelling grief) the drug which Helen, who caused the Trojan war, put into the wine of her husband Menelaus, but in vain.

694. *Grim aspects*—the appearances or *countenances* of Comus' crew.

698. *Forgery*—deception, a sense derived from its physical meaning of shaping or fabricating. In the same way we get feign, feint, fiction, from *fingo*, to shape or 'make up.'

707. *Budge doctors.* Budge is an obsolete word for *fur*, which was in Old English times the scholastic garb. Stoics were the followers of Zeno, who taught in the Painted Porch (Greek στοὰ, a porch) at Athens. 'Cynic tub' is an allusion to Diogenes, one of the Cynics (Greek κύων, a dog), who, as it were, *snarled* at the world.

719. *Hutched*—stored up as in a hutch (French *huche*, a box).

745. *Brag*—boast. To *brag* is literally to make a noise.

751. *Tease—i.e.* pluck and pull. Latin *vexare* is used in the same sense.

760. *Bolt*—a word still used in its primitive sense, but here used metaphorically. *Boulting* is *sifting* the flour from the bran at the mill. Chaucer, *Nonne Prest's Tale*, line 415, says—

> 'But yet I cannot bult it to the bren [bran]
> As can the holy doctour Augustin;'

*i.e.* he cannot sift the subject thoroughly. It here means, therefore, to *refine*, or use 'wire-drawn' arguments.

800. *Fables not.* Comp. Shakespeare, *Henry VI.* Act IV.—'He fables *not;* I hear the enemy.'

Lines 800–806 are spoken aside.

*Saturn's crew*—the Titans, who were hurled into Tartarus for rebelling against Jupiter.

808. *Canon.* The Greek κανὼν was a cane, hence a *rule*, hence a *law; e.g.* canons of the Church.

823. *Soothest*—truest, wisest; Anglo-Saxon *soth*, truth—the sooth to say. Distinguish from *to soothe*, originally to *flatter*, hence to *please.*

827. *Whilom*—for some time lately.

845. *Urchin*—the hedgehog, popularly supposed to poison or *blast* the udders of cows.

846. *Shrewd*—not knowing, but spiteful. So in *Hamlet*—'The air bites *shrewdly*, it is very cold.'

870. The epithets are all classical. *Tethys* was the wife of Oceanus. *Nereus* was the 'old man of the sea.' The *wizara* is Proteus, Neptune's shepherd, who could transform himself into a thousand shapes, but when taken foretold the future. *Triton* could still the waves with his 'wreathed horn.' *Glaucus*, a sea-god, prophesied to fishermen. *Leucothea*, the 'white goddess,' or Ino, cast herself into the sea with her son *Melicerta;* and the latter, as *Portumnus*, was the god of ports. 'Silver-footed' *Thetis* was a daughter of Nereus. *Parthenope* and *Legea* were two of the

Sirens; the former, buried at Naples, gave her name to the city.

897. *Printless feet.* Found in the *Tempest*—

'And ye that on the sands with printless feet
Do chase the ebbing Neptune.'

922. *Locrine* was son of Brutus, the descendant of Æneas, son of Anchises.

936. *Ranks upon*, etc. Often misread. The passage means, (line 934) 'May'st thou be rewarded (935) by abundance of stately edifices on thy hills (936, 7) and fragrant flowers on thy borders.'

960. *Duck or nod*—obeisances of the rustics to the gentry. Comp. *Richard III.*, Act I. — '*Duck* with French *nods* and apish courtesy.'

964. *Mincing*—gracefully and daintily dancing.

965. *Lawns and leas*—the slopes and the levels.

982. *Hesperus. See* note, line 393.

984. *Crisped*—curled, not like hair, but by the breeze. Milton has 'crisped brooks.'

985. *Spruce*—literally, sprouting. German *sprossen-bier* is beer made from young shoots.

986. *Rosy-bosom'd hours*—Greek ῥοδόπαλλοι ὧραι.

993. *Blow.* Used actively. (1) Anglo-Saxon *blowian, to bloom.* Distinguish (2) blow, *to breathe* (Anglo-Saxon *blawan*), and (3) blow *a stroke* (Gothic *bliggan*, to strike); *e.g.* Milton's *Sonnet on the Death of a Fair Infant*—'No sooner blown (1) but blasted' (2).

995. *Purfl'd*—embroidered. Chaucer's *Monk* had sleeves 'purfl'd atte honde' (at the wrist).

1002. *Assyrian queen. See* note, *Paradise Lost*, i. 450.

1005. *Psyche*—'the Soul,' who suffered much at the hands of Venus, but at length being reconciled, was immortally united to Cupid.

1013 *I can fly*, etc. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*—

'I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun.'

1015. *Bowed welkin*—the curving sky. Comp. German *wolke.*

1017. *Corners of the moon—cornua lunæ.* Comp. *Macbeth*—

'Upon the *corner of the moon*
There hangs a vaprous drop profound.'

## LYCIDAS.

1. *Yet once more*—having lately finished *Comus.*

6. *Occasion dear—i.e.* an occurrence extraordinary. From its primitive meaning of *precious*, the word 'dear' has in old writers one of *special*, in any sense; *e.g.* Burton (1650)—'Some of us are too *dear* (self-important), more sanctified than others, as we think.'

9. *Peer*—one equal (Latin *par*, equal). *Pair* is from the same root. Comp. the phrases, 'a peerless beauty,' and 'to be tried by a jury of one's peers.'

13. *Welter*—toss about. Comp. *Paradise Lost*, i. 78.

15. *Sisters*, etc. — the Muses, who lived near 'Helicon's harmonious

springs.' Jove is generally represented abiding on Mount Olympus. *See Paradise Lost*, i. 15.

23–31. Metaphors to express companionship in study. So Cowley laments his friend Harvey—

> 'Say, for ye saw us, ye immortal lights,
> How oft unwearied have we spent the nights
> Till the Lidæan stars, so famed for love,
> Wond'red at us from above.
> We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
> But search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poetry,—
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'

27. *Afield*—on or across the open country.

29. *Battening* — nourishing; literally making better, from root of *better* and *best* (*bet-est*). 'To battle' (another form) 'is to be nourished, a term still used at Oxford. Audley the usurer (A.D. 1670) compared his bonds to "infants, that *battle* best by sleeping."'—DISRAELI'S *Curiosities*.

33. *Tempered*—attuned (Latin *tempero*, to regulate). So Gray—

> 'Thee the voice, the dance obey,
> Tempered to thy warbled lay.'

46. *Weanling*—Anglo-Saxon *ling* = one who, or one who is; *e.g.* Fuller calls the Vicar of Bray 'an inconstant changeling.'

53. *Druids lie*, etc.—the long line of Welsh bards, finally extinguished by Edward I.'s massacre. *See* Gray's *Bard*—

> 'On dreary *Arvon's shore they lie*,
> Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale.'

54. *Mona*—Anglesea, which Selden says was once *shaggy* with woods.

55. *Deva* — the Dee, a river of 'wizard' beauty, and described by Drayton (*Polyolbion*) and previous poets as endowed with magic power.

58. *Orpheus*—the son of Calliope, the Muse. His body was torn to pieces by the Thracian women for his constancy to his dead wife Eurydice, and his 'gory visage' cast into the Hebrus.

64. *Boots it*—profits it (Anglo-Saxon *betan*, to make amends).

75. *Fury*—Atropos, one of the Fates, who cut the thread of human life; passionately called a *Fury*.

79. *Foil* — metal-leaf (Latin *folium*), used to set off the lustre of precious stones.

85. *Arethuse*—personification of a river near Syracuse. *Mincius* is a tributary of the Po, 'honoured' as being near Virgil's birthplace. 'That strain' refers to the last passage on fame.

96. *Hippotades*—son of Hippotes; Eolus, keeper of the winds.

101. *In the eclipse.* The *Macbeth* witches throw into the caldron—

> 'Slips of yew
> Slivered in the *moon's eclipse*.'

103. *Camus*—'the willowy' Cam, *i.e.* the University of Cambridge.

106. *Sanguine flower*—the hyacinth, sprung from the blood of Hyacinthus or Ajax, bearing on its petals the Greek letters αἰ, αἰ, alas!

114. *For their bellies' sake.* Burton, writing shortly before Milton, complains that so 'many vile idiots everywhere, mere ghosts of scholars, dolts, asses, a growling herd, break into the sacred precincts of theology, fitter for the *haram* (hog-stye) than for the *aram* (altar). They do not shear, but flay the sheep.'

124. *Scrannel*—scraping or grating; from the sound. The word is said not to occur elsewhere in English literature.
130. *Engine*—the two-handed sword of justice, the axe to which Laud was afterwards brought. *See* note on *engine*, *Paradise Lost*, i. 750.
132. *Return Alpheus*—a Peloponnesian river. The poet invokes the pastoral muse.
136. *Use*—dwell. Read note on 'wont,' *Comus*, 332.
139. *Quaint*—neat, curious. *See* note, *Comus*, 157.
141. *Purple*—richly colour. The ancients spoke of *purple* sea, *purple* branches, and even '*purple* snow,' in the general sense of bright and beautiful. So Gray (*Progress of Poesy*)—'The bloom of young desire and *purple* light of love,' copying Virgil, where Venus gives to her son Æneas 'lumenque juventæ purpurem.'
142. *Rathe*—early. Comp. the phrases, 'I would *rather*,' 'I had *sooner*.'
160. *Sleep'st*, etc.—*i.e.* 'Whether thou liest near the promontory at Land's End named from Bellerus the giant, where St. Michael, who appeared there, still sits on his mount, facing towards Spain.'
170. *Tricks*—(Dutch *trekkan*, to pull out) dresses out.
*Ore*—golden brightness. The Latin *æs*, *aurum*, German *eisen*, and English *iron*, are all from the root of *uro*, to burn or *shine* (Grimm).
176. *Unexpressive*—inexpressible. Comp. *As You Like It*, Act III.—'The fair, the chaste, the *unexpressive* she.' And the *Hymn on the Nativity*, stanza xi.—

> 'Harping in loud and solemn quire,
> With *unexpressive* notes.'

179. *Solemn troops*—companies holding *high festival*. *Solemn* is properly such as would befit a great *annual* triumph (Latin *solus*, alone; *annus*, a year).
183. *Genius*—presiding spirit; from Sanscrit *jan*, to beget. It appears alike in the 'genii' of the Arabian Nights and in the English *kin*. So *inborn* talent is 'genius.'
193. *Pastures new*. Comp. Wordsworth, *Excursion*—

> 'A field before them, freshen'd with the dew
> Of other expectations.'

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## IL PENSEROSO.

Milton seems to have borrowed the subject of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, and some of the particular thoughts and expressions, from a forgotten poem (A.D. 1600) prefixed to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, entitled, *A Dialogue between Pleasure and Pain*.
3. *Bestead*—avail, or *stand by*; 'stead' is originally a standing-place.
6. *Fancies fond*, etc.—*i.e.* occupy *silly minds* with your gaudy ideas. Fond = *foolish*; *e.g.* Chaucer—

> 'The rich man full *fond* is, I wis,
> That weneth [thinketh] that he loved is.'

10. *Fickle pensioners*—*i.e.* courtiers. Pensioners were originally picked retinue of gentlemen-attendants on Elizabeth's co

Dame Quickly in *Merry Wives*, says: 'There has been earls, nay more, pensioners.'

17. *Black but such—i.e.* 'Black but comely,' like the 'most beautiful Memnon' of Homer.

17. *Starred Ethiop queen.* Cassiope, wife of the King of Ethiopia, was changed into a constellation.

24. *Solitary Saturn*—'Grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone.'—(KEATS.) He was a gloomy god, hence the word *saturnine.*

33. *Grain*—tint in dyeing. The Latin *granum*, a seed, was applied to a seed-like insect from which a dark dye was obtained.

35. *Cypres lawn.* Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*, says: 'A cyprus, not a bosom, hides my heart.' And *Winter's Tale*, IV. iii.—'Cyprus black as e'er was crow.'

40. *Rapt*—(Latin *raptus*) *snatched* out of one's ordinary mood by enthusiasm. Comp. the etymology of trance, transport, ecstasy, etc.

42. *Forget thyself to marble.* Comp. the author's *Epitaph on Shakespeare*—

> 'Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
> Doth make us *marble of too much conceiving.*'

43. *Sad leaden*, etc. Comp. Gray, *Ode to Adversity*—

> 'And Melancholy, silent maid,
> With leaden eye that loves the ground.'

54. *Contemplation.* Pronounce in four syllables.

56. *Philomel*—the daughter of the King of Attica, was transformed into the nightingale. Virgil, *Eclogue* vi. 78.

59. *Cynthia*—the moon, or Diana, born on Mount Cynthus, in Greece.

73. *Plat*—same word as *flat* and plot. Compare Greek πλατὺς, and Latin *latus*, broad. Allied to place, plain, plan, and plant (that which broadens out).

83. *Charm.* Chaucer (*Miller's Tale*) speaks of the bellman's *night-spell*, said, 'on the four halves of the hous aboute,' to 'blesse it from everie wikkede wight.'

88. *Thrice-great Hermes*—the fabulous author of the ancient lore of Egypt, and the *boasted* author of the *Hermetic Books*, in which the astrologers and alchymists of the Middle Ages delighted. Astrology flourished much in Milton's time. Lilly's famous book dates 1659. The epithet *thrice-great* is a translation of *Trismegistus*, the usual prefix to *Hermes* in this sense.

89. *Unsphere the spirit of Plato—i.e.* bring up Plato's spirit from the sphere which confines it. Figurative, for indulging in reveries such as those of Plato about the 'Soul of the World and of Man, and the doctrine of Metempsychosis.'

93. *Of those demons*—governed by 'unfold,' tell of those demons. The demons of Plato were simply *angels*, but the poet is rather thinking of the half-Christian ideas of a later age, which filled the universe with them—'Not so much as a hairbreadth empty in heaven, earth, or waters, above or under the earth.'

98. *Sceptered pall*—royal robe, tragedy usually having royal personages for its heroes, as in the story of Œdipus in Sophocles, of the royal house of Thebes; or that of Agamemnon in Æschylus, descended from Pelops, the mythical conqueror of Peloponnesus. '*The Tale of Troy*' refers probably to dramas, as of Sophocles and Euripides, founded thereon.

104. *Musæus*—a pre-historic poet, to whom the Greeks ascribed many of their temple-hymns.
105. *Orpheus. See* note, *L'Allegro*, 145.
115. Stories which Chaucer, in his unfinished *Squyer's Tale*, promises to tell.
116. *Great Bards.* Particularly Spenser, whose *Faerie Queene* is full of spiritual meaning, and of whom Milton speaks as (*Areopagitica*) 'our *sage and serious* poet Spenser, whom I dare be known a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas.'
120. *Where more is meant*, etc. These lines seem to allude particularly to the earlier romances, from which Spenser, Ariosto, and others drew many of their inventions. The most ancient were originally in *verse*, and their unknown authors often pretended to an *allegorical* meaning concealed under the texture of their fable. Read note, *Paradise Lost*, i. 580.
122. *Civil-suited*—(Latin *civis*, a city) dressed in the plain garb of the *city*, as opposed to the showy dress of the *court*.
123. *Trick'd. See* note, *Lycidas*, 170. *Frounc'd* = plaited.
124. *Eos*—the Dawn, in the Greek myth, loved Cephalus, grandson of Cecrops, King of Attica.
130. *Minute drops.* Comp. 'minute guns.'
135. *Monumental*—because used for wooden tablets in churches.
140. *Profaner.* Comparatives are often used by the poets after this manner,—*at all profane.*
147. *And let*, etc.—a passage which seems to have been misread by some critics. The poet means—'And let the feathery wings of sleep, now laid on my eyelids, be only disturbed by the gentle fanning of some dream, as it passes its lifelike yet airy panorama before me.'
159. *Dight*—decked. Comp. *L'Allegro*, 62.
170. *Spell*—(1) Anglo-Saxon *spell*, discourse; hence, *to discourse of*, or *study*. Comp. *spell*, an incantation, and *gospel*, good-spell. Distinguish from (2) *to spell*, to read by the aid of a *spill* or splinter, and (3) a *spell* of work (Anglo-Saxon *spelung*, a turn).

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## L'ALLEGRO.

1. *Melancholy.* Formerly held to proceed from the secretion in the body of a *black humour.* Greek μέλας (*black*), χολή (*bile*).
2. *Cerberus. See* note, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 665. *Stygian—see Paradise Lost*, ii. 577.
10. *Dark Cimmerian.* The Cimmerians were a race supposed to live in perpetual darkness beyond the ocean stream.
12. *Yclep'd*—named, from the Old English verb *clepe*, to call. The *y* marks the participle, and is the *ge* prefix of German participles. So Old English *ycladd, yrann*, etc.
*Euphrosyne*—Greek, 'the mirthful.'
15. *Two sister-graces.* These were Aglaia (brightness) and Thalia (bloom).
17. *Sages*—legendary poets; a Teutonic word, connected with *say* and sagas, the Scandinavian legends, and to be distinguished from *sages*, wise men (French *sage*, wise).

20. *A-maying—in* or *at* maying (like the adverbial use of the Latin gerund); *e.g. ludendo, in* or *while* playing. Read note, *Paradise Lost*, i. 226.
27. *Quips*—smart sallies of wit (conn. quibble). A crank is a playful *turn* (comp. *crank* in a wheel) or *double entendre*. *Quip* is connected with *quibble*, from Latin *quidlibet*.
44. *Dappled dawn*. Dapple=*frequent*, from *dab*, a spot.
45. *To come* and *to hear* (line 41) are infinitives of purpose after 'admit me of thy crew.' The *to*=that I may.
62. *Dight*—literally, dressed, hence adorned. 'Clouds' is nominative absolute.
67. *Tale* — of sheep. So a hermit tells (*i.e.* reckons) his beads. Comp. Ex. v. 8. 'Tale,' a story, is, however, the same word.
71. *Russet*, etc. — *i.e.* the brown unenclosed lands and the fallow (Anglo-Saxon *fealo*, yellow) fields, with the yellow earth ploughed up.
75. *Pied*—many-coloured (French *pie*). Comp. magpie and piebald.
80. *Cynosure*—the 'admired of all admirers.' *See Comus*, 342.
91. *Secure*—not safe, but *light-hearted* (*se*, privative, *cura*, care); *e.g.* in Burton's *Anatomy*, a gentleman meeting a beggar says: 'He was merry, I heavy; he was *secure*, I timorous.'
94. *Rebeck*—a kind of violin (Arabic *rebeb*), introduced from the Moors into Spain. A fiddler in *Romeo and Juliet* is called 'Hugh Rebeck.'
102. *Mab*—exquisitely described in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. iv. Fairies were formerly adored with 'sweeping the houses, setting a pail of clean water, good victuals, etc., and then they should not be *pinched*, but find money in their shoes. A bigger kind are Robin Good-fellows, that would grind corn for a *mess of milk*, and do any manner of *drudgery*.'—BURTON *on Spirits*.
117. *Then*. The poet has traced the course of a day—(line 41) waking, (45) rising, (69) morning walk, (87) afternoon labours, (91) evening dances, (99) fireside enjoyments after dark.
122. *Rain influence*—like stars, an astrological idea.
125. *Hymen*. The whole passage alludes to what Ben Jonson calls 'the eloquence of masques.'
132. *Sock*—the shoe worn by the actors in ancient *comedies*. So, when speaking of *tragedy*, the author has 'buskin'd stage' (*Il Penseroso*), the buskin being the Latin *cothurnus*, or shoe worn in ancient tragedies.
133. *Jonson, Shakespeare*—Jonson's *learning* and Shakespeare's *native* art are distinguished. 'Jonson had an *elaborate* wit wrought out by industry, while Shakespeare's learning was but little; *Nature* was all the art that was used on him.'—FULLER'S *Worthies*.
136. *Lydian airs*. The Lydian was the most *tender* of the three Greek modes. *See Paradise Lost*, i. 550.
141. *Wanton heed*, etc.—according to the old proverb, 'Summa ars est celare artem.'
145. Orpheus by his music recovered his wife, on the condition that he should not look back on her till arrived at the upper world. He did look back, however, and she vanished for ever.

# GLOSSARY,

*Containing all obsolete or antiquated words, and words used by Milton in an obsolete or unusual sense.*


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| *Abide*, to endure, | 93 |
| *Abolished*, annihilated, | 97 |
| *Act*, action, manner, | 97 |
| *Admire*, to wonder, | 95 |
| *Afflicted*, beaten, | 91 |
| *Affront*, to face, | 93 |
| *Afield*, across the fields, | 112 |
| *Alablaster*, alabaster, | 110 |
| *Alchymy*, mixed metal, | 99 |
| *All-to*, entirely, | 108 |
| *Alp*, mountain, | 101 |
| *Amerct*, deprived (*penally*), | 95 |
| *Ammiral*, admiral's ship, | 92 |
| *Anarch*, ruler of chaos, | 104 |
| *Anon*, immediately, | 92 |
| *Arbitrator*, president, | 98 |
| *Aspècts*, visages, | 110 |
| *Baleful*, malicious, evil, | 90 |
| *Beest*, art, | 90 |
| *Behoves*, is fit or needful, | 103 |
| *Besprent*, besprinkled, | 109 |
| *Bestead*, to be of service, | 113 |
| *Blear*, hazy, watery, | 106 |
| *Blow*, to blossom (*active*), | 111 |
| *Bolt*, to draw out finely, | 110 |
| *Boots*, profits, | 112 |
| *Bosky*, bushy, | 107 |
| *Bossy*, embossed, | 95 |
| *Bourn*, valley, | 107 |
| *Bower*, private apartment, | 105 |
| *Brag*, boast, | 110 |
| *Brow*, to overhang, | 109 |
| *Budge*, fur, | 110 |
| *Buxom*, yielding, | 102 |
| *Canon*, standard, | 110 |
| *Cast*, showed, | 94 |
| *Centre*, middle of the earth, | 90 |
| *Chance*, perchance, | 99 |
| *Change*, scene, state, | 105 |
| *Character'd*, imprinted, | 109 |
| *Civil-suited*, plainly dressed, | 115 |
| *Clouted*, patched, | 109 |
| *Confine*, to meet in boundaries, | 104 |
| *Conjured*, banded by oath, | 101 |
| *Converse*, to dwell, | 98 |
| *Corners*, horns, | 111 |
| *Couch*, to set in position, | 100 |
| *Covered*, enclosed, | 96 |
| *Crank*, play on words, | |

| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| *Cressets*, open lamps, | 96 |
| *Crisped*, curled, | 111 |
| *Cry*, pack, | 101 |
| *Cynosure*, constellation of the Lesser Bear, | 107 |
| *Do.* object gazed at, | 116 |
| *Dappled*, spotted, | 116 |
| *Dear*, unusual, | 111 |
| *Deform*, ugly, | 101 |
| *Demons*, spirits, | 114 |
| *Demur*, delay, | 99 |
| *Denounced*, bespoke, | 97 |
| *Destroyed*, ruined, | 97 |
| *Dight*, decked, | 115 |
| *Disastrous*, ill-boding, | 95 |
| *Doubt*, to hesitate, | 97 |
| *Drouth*, thirst, | 106 |
| *Duck*, obeisance, | 111 |
| *Edge*, point, | 92 |
| *Embattled*, ranged in armies, | 109 |
| *Emprise*, enterprise, | 109 |
| *Engine*, instrument, | 96 |
| *Equal-poise*, equipoise, | 108 |
| *Erst*, formerly, | 92 |
| *Essential*, existence, | 97 |
| *Event*, result, | 90 |
| *Exercise*, to vex, | 97 |
| *Expatiate*, to range, | 96 |
| *Expectation*, suspense, | 99 |
| *Exquisite*, inquisitive, | 107 |
| *Fables*, speaks idly, | 110 |
| *Fact* (*of arms*), battle, | 97 |
| *Fail*, to be mistaken, | 91 |
| *Fairly*, softly, | 106 |
| *Fall*, to happen, | 98 |
| *Fallows*, ploughed lands, | 116 |
| *Famine*, hunger, | 102 |
| *Fares*, goes, | 103 |
| *Fatal*, fated, | 97 |
| *Flown*, filled, | 94 |
| *Foil*, metal-leaf, | 112 |
| *Fond*, foolish, | 113 |
| *Forestalling*, intercepting, | 107 |
| *Forgery*, deception, | 110 |
| *Founded*, melted, | 95 |
| *Foundered*, brought to a stand, | 103 |
| *Frequent*, without intervals, | 96 |
| *Fretted*, worked into tracery, | 95 |
| *Frith*, gulf, | 103 |
| *Frolic*, gay, | 106 |
| *Front*, face, | 98 |
| *Frore*, frozen, | 100 |
| *Frounc'd*, folded, plaited, | 115 |
| *Fury*, force, | 103 |
| *Gave*, empowered, | 96 |
| *Gear*, business appliances, | 106 |
| *Gently*, nobly, | 94 |
| *Gods*, angels, | 98 |
| *Grace*, do favour to, | 105 |
| *Grain*, dyed tint, | 114 |
| *Grand*, great, first, | 89 |
| *Grunsel-edge*, threshold, | 93 |
| *Gryfon*, Griffin, | 103 |
| *Hag*, goblin, | 101 |
| *Haled*, dragged, | 100 |
| *Harrowed*, distressed, | 109 |
| *Highth*, height, | 89 |
| *His*, its, | 91 |
| *Holds* (*the port*), steers for, | 104 |
| *Horrent*, bristling, | 99 |
| *Horrid*, do., | 102 |
| *Horror*, frightful appearance, | 105 |
| *Humane*, polished, | 97 |
| *Hutch'd*, stored up, | 110 |

| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| *Impaled*, fenced round, | 101 |
| *Impotence*, folly, | 97 |
| *Incomposed*, discomposed, | 104 |
| *Insphered*, enclosed, | 105 |
| *Insulting*, attacking, | 97 |
| *Intend*, to set about, | 99 |
| *Ken*, reach of sight, | 90 |
| *Kirtled*, frocked, | 107 |
| *Knows*, can, | 106 |
| *Lackey*, to attend on, | 108 |
| *Lapped*, sunk, | 107 |
| *Large* (*at*), at ease, | 96 |
| *Lewd*, lawless, | 108 |
| *Low-thoughted*, low in aim, | 105 |
| *Madrigal*, pastoral song, | 108 |
| *Mansion*, region of abode, | 92 |
| *Meagre*, skinny, | 108 |
| *Meditate*, to ply, | 109 |
| *Merit*, to be of military worth, | 95 |
| *Do.*, military choice, | 96 |
| *Methought*, it seemed to me, | 106 |
| *Mickle*, great, | 105 |
| *Mincing*, gracefully moving, | 111 |
| *Mixed*, filled with, | 97 |
| *Morris*, Moorish dance, | 106 |
| *Mortal*, deadly, | 89 |
| *Murmurs*, incantations, | 109 |
| *Nathless*, not the less, | 92 |
| *Navel*, centre, | 109 |
| *Nice*, fastidious, | 106 |
| *Noise*, sound, | 107 |
| *Obscure*, thick darkness, | 99 |
| *Offend*, to injure, | 91 |
| *Opinion*, public reputation, | 99 |
| *Ore*, brightness, | 113 |
| *Pall*, robe, | 114 |
| *Panim*, pagan, | 96 |
| *Parly*, speech, | 107 |
| *Pealed*, assailed with noise, | 113 |
| *Pennons*, wings, | 103 |
| *Pensioners*, courtiers, | 113 |
| *Perfect*, distinct, | 107 |
| *Perplex'd*, entangled, | 105 |
| *Pert*, nimble, | 106 |
| *Pester'd*, crowded, | 105 |
| *Phantasm*, phantom, | 102 |
| *Pied*, painted, | 116 |
| *Plighted*, folded, | 107 |
| *Plumes*, smooths, | 108 |
| *Poise*, balance, | 103 |
| *Pole*, pole of the heavens, | 90 |
| *Pourloined*, carried off, | 103 |
| *Powers*, hosts, | 91 |
| *Puny*, late born, | 98 |
| *Purchase*, prey, | 109 |
| *Purfl'd*, embroidered, | 111 |
| *Purlieus*, neighbouring spaces, | 102 |
| *Purple*, to richly colour, | 113 |
| *Pygmean*, dwarfish, | 96 |
| *Quaint*, strange, | 106 |
| *Do.*, neat, curious, | 113 |
| *Quips*, jokes, | 116 |
| *Quire*, chorus, | 106 |
| *Rathe*, early, | 113 |
| *Rebeck*, kind of violin, | 116 |
| *Reck'd*, cared, | 97 |
| (*It*) *recks me not*, I care not, | 108 |
| *Redounding*, rolling back, | 102 |
| *Reluctance*, resistance, | 90 |

| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| *Rhime*, verse, | 89 |
| *Rife*, prevalent, | 107 |
| *Ruinous*, tumbling, | 103 |
| *Sadly*, in earnest, | 109 |
| *Sanguine*, sprung from blood, | 112 |
| *Saws*, maxims, | 106 |
| *Scrannel*, harsh, | 113 |
| *Secrets*, secret places, | 104 |
| *Secure*, careless, | 16 |
| *Sensible*, sentient existence, | 98 |
| *Several*, separate, | 105 |
| *Shift*, device, | 107 |
| *Shoon*, shoes, | 109 |
| *Shrewd*, spiteful, | 110 |
| *Shrouds*, covering places, | 106 |
| *Slope*, oblique, | 98 |
| *Solemn*, festive, | 113 |
| *Soothest*, wisest, | 110 |
| *Sovran*, sovereign, | 91 |
| *Spell*, to discourse, | 115 |
| *Spheres*, orbits, | 106 |
| *Spruce*, sprouting, | 111 |
| *Starr'd*, changed to a star, | 114 |
| *States*, estates, powers, | 90 |
| *Stealth*, the thing stolen, | 109 |
| *Stygian*, hateful, | 91 |
| *Sublimed*, raised aloft, | 91 |
| *Success*, result, | 96 |
| *Swill'd*, drunken, | 107 |
| *Swink'd*, wearied, | 107 |
| *Syrops*, sweet drinks, | 110 |
| *Tale*, number, | 116 |
| *Tease*, work at, | 110 |
| *Temper'd*, attuned, | 112 |
| *Thick*, close, | 94 |
| *Thoughts*, aims, | 95 |
| *Thralls*, bondsmen, | 91 |
| *Trains*, traps, | 106 |
| *Tricks*, dresses out, | 113 |
| (*In*) *troop*, in company, | 93 |
| *Twine*, wreaths, | 106 |
| *Uncouth*, strange, | 99 |
| *Unessential*, void of being, | 99 |
| *Unexpressive*, inexpressible, | 113 |
| *Unharbour'd*, having no refuges, | 108 |
| *Unprincipl'd*, untaught, | 108 |
| *Unsphere*, set free, | 114 |
| *Unweeting*, unsuspecting, | 109 |
| *Urchin*, hedgehog, | 110 |
| *Use*, dwell, | 113 |
| *Vain*, empty, | 98 |
| *Vans*, wings, | 103 |
| *Vapour*, heat, | 98 |
| *Verge*, limit of jurisdiction, | 104 |
| *Virtue*, strength, | 92 |
| *Virtuous*, potent, | 109 |
| *Wakes*, feasts, | 106 |
| *Want*, to be lacking, | 98 |
| *Warping*, working up, | 92 |
| *Wassailers*, carousers, | 107 |
| *Weanling*, young, | 112 |
| *Weeds*, garments, | 105 |
| *Welkin*, sky, | 100 |
| *Welter*, to toss about, | 90 |
| *What*, why, | 98 |
| *What* (*time*), when, | 90 |
| *Whilom*, lately, | 110 |
| *Witnessed*, bespoke, | 90 |
| *Wont'st*, art used, | 107 |
| *Yclep'd*, named, | 115 |

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